A Canticle of the Year

Class PN6084
Book .B5S6
Copyright No.

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

A CANTICLE OF THE YEAR

A Birthday Book for Girls

Edited by

ELVIRA J. SLACK

The Womans Press

1920

PN6084
.B5S6

Copyright, 1920, by
The National Board of the Young Womens Christian Associations
of the United States of America
New York

JAN 14 1922

©CLA654281

no 1

TO

A FRIEND OF GIRLS

JENNIE F. HENDRIE

A PREFACE

A BIRTHDAY is a yearly "Good Morning" to the fairies who brought you, a day when perhaps you are most nearly your real self. To have come into so beautiful a world was a miracle in itself; and every birthday renews that association. When you came, you were in very truth a gift, and I like to think that on one's birthday we repossess our heritage; that is why a birthday may be said to partake of the self-same stuff as miracles.

When we were children we used to play a game in which you held your hands shut tight until the leader came around to you and said: "Hold fast all that I give unto you," crowding something new into your tight little fists. So this book of quotations, chosen arbitrarily, says the same magic words, bringing to you things new and old; and all the poets standing in the circle, come one by one and put some one beautiful thing that he has seen, into your opened hands.

The design of this book is to make your whole year into a canticle or song, and for that reason an old canticle of the church is put to singing as a sort of refrain in which there are many voices of neighborly things. It has been planned also that the book should be simple in order that you might use it in many ways; as a record of the birthdays of your friends—you will find some already recorded—or with spacious margins in which to write quotations of your own choice. Or it may be possible to turn the book into a bird-record or a flower-record, or a diary of things happening that you might like to recall. Not one day need pass as poor or unenriched, with so many quotations that you might memorize. Further, when you are in a "behind-the-door" mood, you may look in the back of the

book for information as to the books in which these lines may be found; the majority of these authors do not step often into the schoolroom lest they interrupt the painful processes of acquiring knowledge; but they belong, every one, in the group of your friends.

The ship on the cover is an old Celtic symbol of immortality,—for a year is but a single voyage, and there are others to come; may this book bring to your next voyage smoother seas and bluer skies.

E. J. S.

A BIRTHDAY is one whose dawn and sunset are one's very own."

A CANTICLE—BENEDICITE, OMNIA OPERA DOMINI

O ALL ye Works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord:
praise him and magnify him forever.
O ye Angels of the Lord, bless ye the Lord:
praise him and magnify him forever.
O ye Heavens, bless ye the Lord:
praise him and magnify him forever.
O ye Waters that be above the firmament, bless ye the Lord:
praise him and magnify him forever.
O all ye Powers of the Lord, bless ye the Lord:
praise him and magnify him forever.
O ye Sun and Moon, bless ye the Lord:
praise him and magnify him forever.
O ye Stars of heaven, bless ye the Lord:
praise him and magnify him forever.
O ye Showers and Dew, bless ye the Lord:
praise him and magnify him forever.
O ye Winds of God, bless ye the Lord:
praise him and magnify him forever.
O ye Fire and Heat, bless ye the Lord:
praise him and magnify him forever.
O ye Winter and Summer, bless ye the Lord:
praise him and magnify him forever.
O ye Dews and Frosts, bless ye the Lord:
praise him and magnify him forever.
O ye Frost and Cold, bless ye the Lord:
praise him and magnify him forever.
O ye Ice and Snow, bless ye the Lord:
praise him and magnify him forever.
O ye Nights and Days, bless ye the Lord:
praise him and magnify him forever.
O ye Light and Darkness, bless ye the Lord:
praise him and magnify him forever.

O ye Lightnings and Clouds, bless ye the Lord:
praise him and magnify him forever.
O let the Earth bless the Lord:
yea, let it praise him and magnify him forever.
O ye Mountains and Hills, bless ye the Lord:
praise him and magnify him forever.
O all ye Green Things upon the earth, bless ye the Lord:
praise him and magnify him forever.
O ye Wells, bless ye the Lord:
praise him and magnify him forever.
O ye Seas and Floods, bless ye the Lord:
praise him and magnify him forever.
O ye Whales, and all that move in the waters, bless ye the Lord:
praise him and magnify him forever.
O all ye Fowls of the air, bless ye the Lord:
praise him and magnify him forever.
O all ye Beasts and Cattle, bless ye the Lord:
praise him and magnify him forever.
O ye Children of Men, bless ye the Lord:
praise him and magnify him forever.
O let Israel bless the Lord:
praise him and magnify him forever.
O ye Priests of the Lord, bless ye the Lord:
praise him and magnify him forever.
O ye Servants of the Lord, bless ye the Lord:
praise him and magnify him forever.
O ye Spirits and Souls of the Righteous, bless ye the Lord:
praise him and magnify him forever.
O ye holy and humble Men of heart, bless ye the Lord:
praise him and magnify him forever.

AMEN.

JANUARY

O ALL ye Works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord:
praise him and magnify him forever.

O ye Angels of the Lord, bless ye the Lord:
praise him and magnify him forever.

JANUARY'S MAGIC

BARE ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.''

January 1

ANOTHER YEAR

EARTH giveth unto us
Another year
Miraculous
Her beauty to behold,
Her dreams of rose and gold,
New starlight to enfold
Our dreaming sphere.

Love giveth unto us
Another year
Of marvellous
Ointments for weary feet,
A shadow from the heat,
Home welcomes and heart-sweet
Communion dear.

Christ giveth unto us
Another year
Of burdenous
Tasks, blessed for His sake,
World's pity to awake,
To bind up hearts that break
Beside us here.

Hope giveth unto us
Another year
Adventurous
To follow the climbing Good,
By thorn and beast withstood,
To heightsof brotherhood,
Through dim to clear.

God giveth unto us
Another year
All luminous
With Him, our shining Source,
Divine, redeeming Force,
Of life's bewildered course
Still charioteer.

Katharine Lee Bates.

Reprinted by permission from "America the Beautiful and Other Poems," by Katharine Lee Bates, copyright by Thomas Y. Crowell and Company.

January 2

THE SUNLIT SEA

THERE is a far-away blue sea of unending wonder and belief. A fragile craft is launched from a Mother's arms, upon its waters. You are the helmsman of the vessel and you are the guardian.

Safely through tempests and gales and over stretches of sunlit water you must pilot the ship. The path is strewn with icebergs, wreckage and many boats making for the same harbor. All the little boats make their trial voyage through the white-capped, dancing waves of "Let's Play" and "Let's Pretend."

Back into the bay of youth, where lies the haven of a Mother's arms, each little vessel will drift if the pilot does not stupidly keep his wheel turned to the point on the compass that reads *Grow-up-South* by *As-fast-as-you-can-East.* The craft laden with a cargo, that is your heart, will surely return to the pleasant waters of youth unless you are grown up so high you cannot become as a little child.

Dugald Stewart Walker.

January 3

THAT the *being* of me have room to grow,
That my eyes may meet God's eyes and know,
I will hew great windows, wonderful windows, measureless windows for my soul.

Angela Morgan.

January 4

HAND IN HAND WITH ANGELS

HAND in hand with angels,
Through the world we go:
Brighter eyes are on us
Than we blind ones know;
Tenderer voices cheer us
Than we deaf will own:
Never, walking heavenward,
Can we walk alone.

Hand in hand with angels,
In the busy street,
By the winter hearth-fires,—
Everywhere,—we meet,
Though unfledged and songless,
Birds of Paradise;
Heaven looks at us daily
Out of human eyes.

Lucy Larcom.

January 5

TO A NEW-BORN BABY GIRL

NOW have we seen by early sun,
Thy miracle of life begun.
All breathing and aware thou art,
With beauty templed in thy heart
To let thee recognise the thrill
Of wings along far azure hill,
And hear within the hollow sky
Thy friends the angels rushing by.
These shall recall that thou hast known
Their distant country as thine own,
To spare thee word of vales and streams,
And publish heaven through thy dreams.

Grace Hazard Conkling.

January 6

DEBORAH, put the blue and gold
And rosy beauty that is you,
Into your heart that it may hold
Beauty to last your whole life through.

Aline Kilmer.

January 7

DREAMS

IF there were dreams to sell
What would you buy?
Some cost a passing bell;
Some a light sigh,
That shakes from Life's fresh crown
Only a rose-leaf down.
If there were dreams to sell,
Merry and sad to tell,
And the crier rang the bell,
What would you buy?

Thomas Beddoes, 1803-1849.

January 8

FROST WORK

THESE winter nights against my window pane,
Nature with busy pencil draws designs
Of ferns and blossoms, and fine sprays of pines,
Oak-leaf and acorn and fantastic vines,
Which she will make when summer comes again,
Quaint arabesques in argent, flat and cold,
Like curious Chinese etchings.—By and by,
Walking my leafy garden as of old,
These frosty fantasies shall charm my eye,
In azure, damask, emerald, and gold.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

January 9

LEARNED IN THE SCHOOL OF THE TRENCHES

THEY learn to trust each other, and to look for the essential qualities rather than for the accidental graces . . .

It was their chance. With a gay heart they gave their greatest gift, and with a smile to think that after all they had anything to give which was of value. One by one Death challenged them. One by one they smiled in his grim visage, and refused to be dismayed. They had been lost, but they had found the path that led them home; and when at last they laid their lives at the feet of the Good Shepherd, what could they do but smile?

Donald Hankey.

Taken by permission from "A Student in Arms," by Donald Hankey, copyrighted by E. P. Dutton and Company, New York.

January 10

FROM HIS LETTERS TO THE SOLDIERS OF THE AMERICAN ARMY

LET it be your pride, therefore, to show all men everywhere not only what good soldiers you are, but also what good men you are, keeping yourselves fit and strong in everything and pure and clean through and through. Let us set for ourselves a standard so high that it will be a glory to live up to it and then let us live up to it and add a new laurel to the crown of America.

Woodrow Wilson.

January 11

TO be alive in such an age!
To live to it!
To give to it!
Rise, soul, from thy despairing knees.
What if thy lips have drunk the lees?
The passion of a larger claim
Will put thy puny grief to shame.
Fling forth thy sorrow to the wind
And link thy hope with humankind;
Breathe the world-thought, do the world-deed,
Think highly of thy brother's need.
And what thy woe, and what thy weal?
Look to the work the times reveal!
Give thanks with all thy flaming heart,
Crave but to have in it a part.
Give thanks and clasp thy heritage—
To be alive in such an age!

Angela Morgan.

January 12

THE only thing in the world worth being is oneself, even with all oneself's limitations.

E. V. Lucas.

January 13

I'M NOBODY

I'M nobody! Who are you?
Are you nobody, too?
Then, there's a pair of us,—don't tell!
They'd banish us, you know.

How dreary to be somebody!
How public, like a frog,
To tell your name the livelong day
To an admiring bog.

Emily Dickinson.

Reprinted by permission of the publishers from "Poems," by Emily Dickinson; copyright by Little, Brown and Company.

January 14

FROM LOUISA M. ALCOTT'S JOURNAL

I WROTE in my imagination book and enjoyed it very much. Life is pleasanter than it used to be,—and I don't care about dying any more. Had a splendid run, and got a box of cones to burn. Sat and heard the pines sing a long time. Had good dreams and woke now and then to think and watch the moon. I had a pleasant time with my mind, for it was happy.

(*Aged ten years.*)

January 15

IN A FRENCH DIARY

TO-DAY begins a new year. It will be the year of victory. What will it mean for me? The greatest year of my life, surely, if God grant that I survive. . . . Whatever destiny may be awaiting me, I shall waste no time thinking about the future. I confess I said to myself this morning, "What will be left of me when still another year has taken the place of this one?" But my conscience quickly replied, "Do your duty, your whole duty. That is the only thought worthy of a volunteer soldier like yourself." A man must hold up to himself some great dream to follow, some goal to reach. . . .

I am proud of being a soldier, of being young, of knowing that I am brave and high-spirited; I am proud of serving France, the land of my birth. Loyalty to the flag, love of country, respect for the given word, the sense of honor,—these for me are no hollow, meaningless phrases; they ring like a bugle-call in my young heart, and for them when the moment comes, I shall be able to make the supreme sacrifice.

Dated January 1, 1916, and written by a French soldier who died for France at the age of eighteen. Quoted from Maurice Barrés.

January 16

THE WAYS

TO every man there openeth
A Way, and Ways, and a Way.
And the High Soul climbs the High way,
And the Low Soul gropes the Low,
And in between, on the misty flats,
The rest drift to and fro.
But to every man there openeth
A High Way, and a Low.
And every man decideth
The Way his soul shall go.

John Oxenham.

January 17

TO set the cause above renown,
To love the game beyond the prize,
To honor, while you strike him down,
The foe that comes with fearless eyes;
To count the life of battle good,
And dear the land that gave you birth,
And dearer yet the brotherhood
That binds the brave of all to earth.

Henry Newbolt.

January 18

THE KNIGHT ERRANT

SPIRITS of old that bore me,
And set me, meek of mind,
Between great dreams before me,
And deeds as great behind,
Knowing humanity my star
As first abroad I ride,
Shall help me wear with every scar
Honor at eventide.

. . . . . .

I fear no breathing bowman,
But only, east and west,
The awful other foeman
Impowered in my breast.
The outer fray in the sun shall be,
The inner beneath the moon;
And may our Lady lend to me
Sight of the Dragon soon!

Louise Imogen Guiney.

January 19

OF wounds and sore defeat
I made my battle stay;
Wingèd sandals for my feet
I wove of my delay;
Of weariness and fear,
I made my shouting spear;
Of loss, and doubt, and dread,
And swift oncoming doom
I made a helmet for my head
And a floating plume.
From the shutting mist of death,
From the failure of the breath,
I made a battle-horn to blow
Across the vales of overthrow.
O hearken, love, the battle-horn!
The triumph clear, the silver scorn!
O hearken where the echoes bring,
Down the grey disastrous morn,
Laughter and rallying!

William Vaughn Moody.

January 20

NO cheating or bargaining will ever get a single thing out of Nature's establishment at half-price. Do we want to be strong? we must work. To be hungry? we must starve. To be happy? we must be kind. To be wise? we must look and think.

John Ruskin.

January 21

KEEP PURE THY SOUL

KEEP pure thy soul!
Then shalt thou take the whole
Of delight,
Then, without a pang,
Thine shall be all of beauty whereof the poet sang—
The perfume, and the pageant, the melody and the mirth
Of the golden day, and the starry night;
Of heaven, and of the earth.
Oh, keep pure thy soul!

Richard Watson Gilder.

January 22

THE SHEPHERDESS

SHE walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.
Her flocks are thoughts. She keeps them white;
She guards them from the steep.
She feeds them on the fragrant height,
And folds them in for sleep.

She roams maternal hills and bright,
Dark valleys safe and deep.
Her dreams are innocent at night;
The chastest stars may peep.
She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.

She holds her little thoughts in sight,
Though gay they run and leap.
She is so circumspect and right;
She has her soul to keep.
She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.

Alice Meynell.

January 23

MERLIN AND THE GLEAM

THROUGH the magic
Of Him the Mighty,
Who taught me in childhood,
There on the border
Of boundless Ocean,
And all but in Heaven
Hovers the Gleam.

Not of the sunlight!
Not of the moonlight!
Not of the starlight!
O young Mariner,
Down to the haven,
Call your companions
Launch your vessel
And crowd your canvas,
And, lest it vanish
Over the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow the Gleam.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

January 24

THE BELOVED CAPTAIN

HIS confidence was infectious. He looked at them, and they looked at him, and the men pulled themselves together and determined to do their best. Their best surprised themselves.

It was a wonderful thing, that smile of his. It was something worth living for, and worth working for. It bucked one up when one was bored and tired. It seemed to make one look at things from a different point of view, a finer point of view, his point of view.

Donald Hankey.

Taken by permission from "A Student in Arms," by Donald Hankey, copyrighted by E. P. Dutton and Company, New York.

January 25

THOU canst shut the splendor out;
Darken every room with doubt;
From the entering angels hide
Under tinseled wefts of pride;
While the pure in heart behold
God in every flower unfold;
While the poor his kingdom share,
Reigning with Him everywhere.

Oh, let Christ and sunshine in!
Let his love its sweet way win!
Nothing human is too mean
To receive the King unseen:
Not a pleasure or a care
But celestial robes may wear;
Impulse, thought, and action may
Live immortally to-day.

Lucy Larcom.

January 26

LOOKING-GLASS LOGIC

THE rule is, jam to-morrow and jam yesterday—but never to-day.''

''It must come to jam to-day,'' Alice objected.

''No, it can't,'' said the Queen. ''It's jam every *other* day; to-day isn't any *other* day, you know.''

''It's a poor sort of memory that only works backwards,'' the Queen remarked.

''What sort of thing do *you* remember best?'' Alice ventured to ask.

''Oh, things that happened the week after next,'' the Queen replied in a careless tone.

Lewis Carroll.

January 27

A BIRTHDAY LETTER BY LEWIS CARROLL

I NEVER give birthday *presents,* but you see I *do* sometimes write a birthday letter: so, as I've just arrived here, I am writing this to wish you many and many a happy return of your birthday. I will drink your health, if only I can remember, and if you don't mind—but perhaps you object? You see, if I were to sit by you at breakfast, and to drink your tea, you wouldn't like *that,* would you? You would say, "Boo! hoo! Here's Mr. Dodgson's drunk all my tea, and I haven't got any left!" So I am very much afraid, next time Sybil looks for you, she'll find you sitting by the sad sea wave, and crying, "Boo! hoo! Mr. Dodgson has drunk my health, and I haven't got any left!" And how it will puzzle Dr. Maund, when he is sent for to see you! "My dear Madam, I'm very sorry to say your little girl has got *no health at all!* I never saw such a thing in my life!" "Oh, I can easily explain it!" your mother will say. "You see she would go and make friends with a strange gentleman and yesterday he drank her health!" "Well, Mrs. Chataway," he will say, "the only way to cure her is to wait till his next birthday, and then for *her* to drink *his* health."

And then we shall have changed healths. I wonder how you'll like mine! Oh, Gertrude, I wish you wouldn't talk such nonsense!

Your loving friend,

Lewis Carroll.

Lewis Carroll (Charles Lutwidge Dodgson), 1832-1897.

January 28

CHINESE GORDON

HE used no magic, and he owned no spell,
But with keen glance, strong will, and weighty blow,
Did one thing at a time and did it well;
And sought no praise from men, as in God's eye,
Nobly to live content or nobly die.

Some men live near to God, as my right arm
Is near to me, and thus they walk about
Mailed in full proof of faith, and bear a charm
That mocks at fear, and bars the door on doubt,
And dares the impossible. So Gordon. . . .!

J. S. Blackie.

General Charles George Gordon, 1833-1885.

January 29

MY MOTHER

SHE was as good as goodness is,
Her acts and all her words were kind,
And high above all memories
I hold the beauty of her mind.

Frederick Hentz Adams.

January 30

EVERYWHERE, always;
In sunshine, in shadow;
In joy, in disappointment;
In success, in defeat;
We, the girls of America
Follow the Gleam.
If once we fall,
We rise to face the light.
If once we fail,
We fight again to win.
We cannot be lonely:
We stand together.
From north to farthest south;
From east to distant west,
Ours is the surest Quest.
We know the ONE we follow.

Emily Goding.

January 31

EVERYMAID

KING'S Daughter!
Wouldst thou be all fair,
Without—within—
Peerless and beautiful,
A very Queen?

Know then:—
Not as men build unto the Silent One,—
With clang and clamour,
Traffic of rude voices,
Clink of steel on stone,
And din of hammer;—
Not so the temple of thy grace is reared.
But,—in the inmost shrine
Must thou begin,
And build with care
A Holy Place
A place unseen,
Each stone a prayer.
Then, having built,
Thy shrine sweep bare
Of self and sin
And all that might demean;
And, with endeavour,
Watching ever, praying ever,
Keep it fragrant-sweet and clean:
So, by God's grace, it be fit place,—
His Christ shall enter and shall dwell therein.

Not as in earthly fane—where chase
Of steel on stone may strive to win
Some outward grace,—
Thy temple face is chiselled from within.

John Oxenham.

O YE Heavens, bless ye the Lord:
praise him and magnify him forever.

O ye Waters that be above the firmament, bless ye the Lord:
praise him and magnify him forever.

FEBRUARY'S MAGIC

I DRANK from brooks of melting snow,
And said good morning to a deer.''

February 1

AN OLD IRISH LITANY

SAINTS of Four Seasons!
Saints of the Year!
Loving, I pray to you; longing, I say to you:
Save me from angers, dreeings, and dangers!
Saints of Four Seasons!
Saints of the Year!

Saints of Green Springtime!
Saints of the Year!
Patraic and Grighair, and Brighid be near!
My last breath gather with God's Foster Father!
Saints of Green Springtime!
Saints of the Year!

Saints of Gold Summer!
Saints of the Year!
(Poesy wingeth me! Fancy far bringeth me!)
Guide me on to Mary's sweet Son!
Saints of Gold Summer!
Saints of the Year!

From the Feilire of Adamnan, Abbot of Iona 704 A. D. Patrick J. McCall. Reprinted with permission from "The Irish Book of Poetry," by Alfred Percival Graves; published by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

St. Bridget of Ireland, 525 A. D.

February 2

HYMN

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim:
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land,
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth:
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole. . . .

Joseph Addison, 1672-1719.

February 3

TO-DAY comes as a friend with some serene, great Joy in his eyes.

Sidney Lanier.

Sidney Lanier, 1842-1881.

February 4

GIVE me the sky if I am to see God.

Maurice Hewlett.

February 5

I LIKE to know you hear the call
Of all things sad, neglected, small;
Thrill to the magic of the wind,
Love country, town and your own kind,
Sinners and saints and sea and sky
Just as they are, for so do I.

Winnifred M. Letts.

Taken by permission from "The Spires of Oxford and Other Poems," by Winnifred M. Letts, copyrighted by E. P. Dutton and Company, New York.

February 6

HOPE

WHO heard the last dying sob of winter
Long ere the funny woolly lambs were born?
"I," said the Squirrel, "I, the tree sprinter,
I stood by his bedside on a cold March morn."

Who saw the Spring come lightly tripping
Long ere the merry, merry month of May?
"I," said the Lambkin, blithely skipping,
"As she went o'er the hill she passed this way."

Who found the first wee Valentine of Heaven
Long ere the jolly leafy woods were dressed?
"I," said the Schoolboy, "I found seven—
Four in the undergrowth and three in a nest!"

Captain Cyril H. Hawker.

By permission. From *Scribner's Magazine* for April, 1919.
Copyright, 1919, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

February 7

IT is a strange thing: Adventure! I looked for her high and I looked for her low, and she passed my door in a tattered garment unheeded. For I had neither the eye of simplicity nor the heart of humility. One day I looked for her anew and I saw her beckoning from the Open Road; and underneath the tags and tatters I caught the gleam of her celestial garments: and I went with her into a new world.

David Grayson.

February 8

THE spirit of God is around you in the air that you breathe; his glory in the light that you see and in the fruitfulness of the earth and in the joy of its creatures. He has written you day by day his revelation and he has granted you day by day your daily bread.

John Ruskin, 1819-1900.

Quoted on a monument erected to John Ruskin on Lake Derwentwater.

February 9

FOR new, and new, and ever-new,
The golden bud within the blue;
And every morning seems to say:
"There's something happy on the way,
And God sends love to you!"

Henry van Dyke.

February 10

VICTORY IN DEFEAT

DEFEAT may serve as well as victory
To shake the soul and let the glory out.
When the great oak is straining in the wind,
The boughs drink in new beauty, and the trunk
Sends down a deeper root on the windward side.
Only the soul that knows the mighty grief
Can know the mighty rapture. Sorrows come
To stretch out spaces in the heart for joy.

Edwin Markham.

February 11

HAVE the elder races halted
Do they droop and end their lesson,
Wearied, over there beyond the seas?
We take up the task eternal, and the burden, and the lesson,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

All the past we leave behind;
We debouch upon a newer, mightier world, varied world;
Fresh and strong the world we seize,
World of labor and the march,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Walt Whitman.

February 12

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE

WHEN the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road—
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;
Tempered the heap with thrill of human tears;
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.
Into the shape she breathed a flame to light
That tender, tragic, ever-changing face.
Here was a man to hold against the world,
A man to match the mountains and the sea.

Edwin Markham.

Abraham Lincoln, 1809-1865.

February 13

HE who knows Love—becomes Love, and his eyes
Behold Love in the heart of everyone,
Even the loveless.

Elsa Barker.

February 14

TO THE WOMEN OF AMERICA

WOMEN of all creeds and nationalities who call America their country must stand together, forgetting all differences in one great likeness—their desire to be of service.

Anna Howard Shaw.

Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, 1847-1919.

Feast of St. Valentine.

February 15

TRUE LOVE

MY true-love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one for the other given:
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven:
His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides:
He loves my heart for once it was his own,
I cherish his because in me it bides.

Sir Philip Sidney.

February 16

HER eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee:
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee..

Robert Herrick, 1591-1674.

February 17

THE HEART'S FRIEND

FAIR is the white star of twilight,
And the sky clearer
At the day's end;
But she is fairer, and she is dearer
She, my heart's friend!

Fair is the white star of twilight,
And the moon roving
To the sky's end;
But she is fairer, better worth loving,
She, my heart's friend.

Mary Austin.

(Shoshone Love Song).

February 18

I REMEMBER the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free;
And the Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.
And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still;
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Henry W. Longfellow.

February 19

ADVENTURE is not the food of life but the spice.

David Grayson.

February 20

FAME

FAME is an honest thing,
It is deceived not;
It passes by the palace gates
Where the crowned usurper waits
Enters the peasant-poet's cot
And cries—"Thou art the king!"

Richard Watson Gilder.

February 21

SOW love, it cannot fail.''

Alice Freeman Palmer, 1855-1902.

February 22

HAIL, men of the future!
The world's real patriots ye!
Above the dead
I hear your tread
That sets the people free!
And I hear the fife, and I hear the drum,
I hear the shouting whenever you come,
And I see the glory in your face
Who march to save the race.
Justice shall be your weapon, and Truth the bomb you hurl,
Flag of united nations the banner you unfurl.

Hail, men of the present—do I hear your answering cry?
"Here am I! Here am I!"

Angela Morgan.

George Washington, 1732-1799.

February 23

MADE of unpurchasable stuff,
They went their way when ways were rough;
They, when the traitors had deceived,
Held the long purpose, and believed;
They, when the face of God grew dim,
Held through the dark and trusted Him—
Brave souls that took the perilous trail
And felt the vision could not fail.

Edwin Markham.

February 24

HE prayed;
Not that the pain would cease,
Nor yet for water in the parching heat,
Nor for death's quick release,
Nor even for the tardy feet
Of stretcher-bearers bringing aid.

He prayed;
Cast helpless on the bloody sod:
"Don't trouble now, O God, for me,
But keep the boys. Go forward with them, God!
O speed the Camerons to victory."
The kilts flashed on: "Well played," he sighed, "well played."
Just so he prayed.

Winnifred M. Letts.

Taken by permission from "The Spires of Oxford and Other Poems," by Winnifred M. Letts, copyright, by E. P. Dutton and Company, New York.

February 25

WHILE Kings of eternal evil
Yet darken the hills about,
Thy part is with broken sabre
To rise on the last redoubt.

To fear not sensible failure,
Nor covet the game at all,
But fighting, fighting, fighting,
Die, driven against the wall!

Louise Imogen Guiney.

February 26

WHAT matters Death, if Freedom be not dead?
No flags are fair, if Freedom's flag be furled.
Who fights for freedom, goes with joyful tread
To meet the fires of Hell against him hurled,
And has for Captain Him whose thorn-wreathed head
Smiles from the Cross upon a conquered world.

Joyce Kilmer: his last poem from France.

February 27

THE GOLDEN WINDOWS

AT sunset there came an hour that was all his own, for his father had given it to him. Then the boy would go up to the top of a hill and look across at another hill that rose some miles away. On this far hill stood a house with windows of clear gold and diamonds. They shone and blazed so that it made the boy wink to look at them.

One day he was given a holiday; then he put a piece of bread in his pocket, and started off to find the house with the golden windows.

After a long time he came to a high green hill; and when he had climbed the hill, there was the house on top. But when he came up to the house, he could have wept, for the windows were of clear glass like any others, and there was no gold anywhere about them.

A woman came to the door and asked him in a kindly way what he wanted. "I saw the golden windows from our hilltop," he said, "and I came to see them, but now they are only glass."

The woman nodded her head kindly and asked him to sit down to rest. "We are but poor farming people," she said.

And then, as he looked across the valley to another hill far away, there stood another house with windows of clear gold and diamond, just as he had seen them before. And when he looked again, the boy saw that it was his own home. *Adapted from Laura E. Richards.*

Reprinted with permission from "The Golden Windows," by Laura E. Richards; copyright, by Little, Brown and Company.

February 28

THE DREAMERS

THE gypsies passed her little gate—
She stopped her wheel to see,—
A brown-faced pair who walked the road,
Free as the wind is free;
And suddenly her tidy room
A prison seemed to be.

Her shining plates against the walls,
Her sunlit, sanded floor,
The brass-bound wedding chest that held,
Her linen's sunny store,
The very wheel whose humming died,—
Seemed only chains she bore.

She watched the foot-free gypsies pass;
She never knew or guessed
The wistful dream that drew them close—
The longing in each breast
Some day to know a home like hers,
Wherein their hearts might rest.

Theodosia Garrison.

February 29

A PEEP AT A TAJAR

ONCE upon a time there was a Tajar. Do you know what a Tajar is? Well, he's something like a tiger, and something like a jaguar, and something like a badger; and if you should see him once you would forget what he looked like, but if you should see him twice you would forget to forget what he looked like, and that would be fatal.

The Tajar lived somewhere near a Camp—in a Camp and around a Camp and under a Camp and over a Camp and all the places where a Camp was he lived in, except when he stayed in his Hiding Place, which was somewhere between the bottom of a tree and the top of the sky. When the Campers were in Camp, the Tajar stayed in his Hiding Place, but when they went away and when he got bored with his Hiding Place, and was filled with folly, he used to dance in the moonlight.

Jane Shaw Ward.

And one night—but if you want to know all about the Range-Ranger who ranged the ranges in that region, you will have to get someone to tell you the story; also how Tajar taught the witch's tea-cups to take death-defying-life-leaps through the branches with their handles.

And to know all about Tajar is in itself Magic!

TAJAR'S BIRTHDAY (or, if not, when?).

MARCH

O YE Sun and Moon, bless ye the Lord:
praise him and magnify him forever.

O ye Stars of heaven, bless ye the Lord:
praise him and magnify him forever.

MARCH'S MAGIC

THE bluebird, stained with earth and sky.''

March 1

WINTER to-day, but lo! to-morrow spring!

Richard Le Gallienne.

March 2

THE STARS

"DID you ever look at the stars?" he asked, pointing upwards.

"Often and often," answered Will.

"And do you know what they are?"

"I have fancied many things."

"They are worlds like ours," said the young man. "Some of them less; many of them a million times greater; and some of the least sparkles that you see are not only worlds, but whole clusters of worlds turning about each other in the midst of space. We do not know what there may be in any of them; perhaps the answer to all our difficulties or the cure of all our sufferings: and yet we can never reach them; not all the skill of the craftiest of men can fit out a ship for the nearest of these our neighbors, nor would the life of the most aged suffice for such a journey. When a great battle has been lost or a dear friend is dead, when we are hipped or in high spirits, there they are unweariedly shining overhead. We may stand down here, a whole army of us together, and shout until we break our hearts, and not a whisper reaches them. We may climb the highest mountain, and we are no nearer them. All we can do is to stand down here in the garden and take off our hats."

Robert Louis Stevenson.

March 3

TYLTYL: Where are we?
Light: Near to the stars, and yet within yourself.

Maurice Maeterlinck.

March 4

THE world is all our neighborhood: only the stars are foreign lands.

March 5

THE MAGIC

TAKE the charmed seeds I lay
In your open hand:
Some would cast them all away,
You will understand.
Trust the bud to come to flower,
Trust the flower for fruit.
Listen in the winter-time
For a cricket lute.

Josephine Preston Peabody.

March 6

TREES

I THINK that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in Summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

Joyce Kilmer.

March 7

IDEALISTS

BROTHER Tree:
Why do you reach and reach?
Do you dream some day to touch the sky?
Brother Stream:
Why do you run and run?
Do you dream some day to fill the sea?
Brother Bird:
Why do you sing and sing?
Do you dream—
Young Man:
Why do you talk and talk and talk?

Alfred Kreymborg.

March 8

THE POPLARS

THE slender poplars always grow
In a long and solemn row,
Marching gravely by the wall
Like a leafy funeral.
I guess you would never think
That I've seen the poplars wink!

Walter Prichard Eaton.

March 9

THE FOREST SCHOOL

THE little firs demurely stand
In studious rows, on either hand,
On winter days about like these,
All learning to be Christmas trees.

Mary Carolyn Davies.

March 10

GAY stars, little stars, you are little eyes,
Eyes of baby angels playing in the skies.
Now and then a winged child turns his merry face
Down toward the spinning world—what a funny place.

Joyce Kilmer.

March 11

A STAR-FANCY FOR A CHILD

BUT when the nights begin to freeze,
Eastwards behind the naked trees
Orion lifts his head to spy
Those stars that in the garden lie.

Night after night you see him stride
Across the South at Christmas tide:
Though all the fields are white with snow,
He watches for the stars to blow.

But when 'tis near his time to rest,
Leaning his head towards the West,
When April nights are sharp and clear,
He sees the garden-stars appear.

For just before he sinks from sight
He sees the border strewn with light,
And looking back across the hills
Beholds the shining daffodils.

G. Forrester Scott.

March 12

IT is by knowing human beings that we come to understand them, and by understanding them come to love them, and so it is with the green people. . . . When I go to the woods, it is like going among old and treasured friends, and with riper acquaintance the trees come to take on, curiously, a kind of personality, so that I am much fonder of some trees than of others, and instinctively seek out the companionship of certain trees in certain moods, as one will his friends.

I love the unfolding beeches in spring, and the pines in winter; the elms I care for afar off, like great aloof men, whom I can admire; but for friendly confidences give me an apple-tree in an old green meadow.

David Grayson.

March 13

THE world would yet be a place of peace if we were all peace-makers, and gentle service should we have of its creatures if we gave them gentle mastery. But so long as we choose to make sport of slaying bird and beast, so long as we choose to contend with our fellows more than with our faults, and make battle-field of our meadows instead of pasture,—so long, truly, the Flaming Sword will still turn every way and the gates of Eden remain barred close enough, till we have sheathed the sharper flame of our own passions, and broken down the closer gates of our own hearts.

John Ruskin.

March 14

THANK God, they cannot cut down the clouds!

Henry David Thoreau.

March 15

THE CANTICLE OF THE SUN

O MOST High, Almighty, good Lord God, to thee belong praise, glory, honor, and all blessing.

Praised be my Lord God, with all his creatures, and specially our brother the sun, who brings us the day and who brings us the light; fair is he, and he shines with a very great splendor. O Lord, he signifies thee!

Praised be my Lord for our sister the moon, and for the stars, the which he has set clear and lovely in heaven.

Praised be my Lord for our brother the wind, and for air and clouds, calm and all weather, by which thou upholdest life in all creatures.

Praised be my Lord for our sister water, who is very serviceable to us, and humble and precious and clean.

Praised be my Lord for our brother fire, through whom thou givest us light in the darkness, and he is bright and pleasant, and very mighty and strong.

Praised be my Lord for our mother the earth, the which doth sustain us and keep us, and bringest forth divers fruits, and flowers of many colors, and grass. . . .

Praise ye and bless ye the Lord; and give thanks to him and serve him with great humility.

St. Francis of Assisi.

March 16

HE knows the gospel of the trees,
The whispered message of the seas;
Finds in some beetle on the road
A power to lift the human load;
Sees, in some dead leaf dried and curled,
The deeper meaning of the world;
Hears through the roar of mortal things
The God's immortal whisperings;
Sees the world-wonder rise and fall,
And knows that Beauty made it all.

Edwin Markham.

March 17

THE BREASTPLATE OF ST. PATRICK

I ARISE to-day in the strength of the heaven,
The glory of the sun,
The radiance of the moon,
The splendour of fire, and the swiftness of the levin,
The wind's flying force,
The depth of the sea,
The earth's steadfast course,
The rock's austerity.

. . . . . .

Christ behind and before me,
Christ beneath me and o'er me,
Christ within and without me,
Christ with and about me,
Christ on my left and Christ on my right,
Christ with me at morn and Christ with me at night;
Christ in each heart that shall take thought of me;
Christ in each mouth that shall speak aught of me;
Christ in each eye that shall ever on me fasten;
Christ in each ear that shall ever to me listen.

St. Patrick.

Reprinted with permission from "The Irish Book of Poetry," by Alfred Percivale Graves; published by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

St. Patrick, 389(?)-461.

March 18

IN the sunshiny days of Springtime I can be sixteen and when Autumn has made the days grey I can be sixty. When you forget the exact date of your birth, it is as delightful to be sixty as sixteen.

Dugald Stewart Walker.

March 19

LIVINGSTONE

TO lift the sombre fringes of the night,
To open lands long darkened to the Light,
To heal grim wounds, to give the blind new sight,
Right mightily wrought he.
Forth to the fight he fared,
High things and great he dared,
He thought of all men but himself,
Himself he never spared.
He greatly loved—
He greatly lived—
And died right mightily.

John Oxenham.

David Livingstone, 1813-1873.

March 20

THE GARDENS OF THE SKY

"TO every season its flowers—and to every season its stars."

Have you ever seen Spring come among the stars?

Do you know the stars that guarded on the night when you were born?

To-night is the Vernal Equinox, the 20th of March.

Orion, the Great Hunter, is setting in the west, with many stars of the first magnitude near him: Sirius, Rigel, Aldebaran, Capella and Castor and Pollux.

Virgo, with her diamond Spica, is far in the east. To your left as you face her, glows the great star Arcturus; farther still to the left lies the great square of Hercules.

The Great Dipper with brim downwards is almost over your head as you face toward north.

At the end of a line with the stars that mark the drinking-side of the Dipper opposite to the handle, you may easily find the North Star and discover thus a way of always gauging the direction north. This star is so inconceivably far that it appears practically stationary and its absence if it were blotted out would not be marked by us for thousands of years.

The "handle" of the Dipper is the tail of the Great Bear called Ursa Major—who walks around the Pole with his back downwards, his head thrust out and his feet marked by three pairs of stars in the middle of the sky.

Adapted, by permission of the publishers from "A Year with the Stars," by Garrett Serviss. Copyright, 1910, by Harper and Brothers.

March 21

GOOD humor and good nature, friends at home that love you, and friends abroad that miss you—you possess all these things, and more innumerable, and these are all sweet things. You may extract honey from everything.

Charles Lamb.

March 22

THE WIND (An Indian Song)

THE wind is carrying me round the sky;
The wind is carrying me round the sky.
My body is here in the valley—
The wind is carrying me round the sky.

Alice Corbin.

March 23

SPRING TO THE WORLD

THERE'S listening in the brook's low purr,
There's yearning in the blue;
I hear a dead leaf softly stir
To let a brave arbutus through.

Standing alone and very still,
My tardy heart can hear
The sunshine purging every rill
To make its golden topaz clear.

One yellow iris, tall and choice,
Declares her flag unfurled—
Speaking as with a bugle's voice
Unto a dull and stricken world.

O God, I do attest the call
Thou criest unto men:
"O World, my World, be beautiful—
Be beautiful again!"

Martha Foote Crow.

March 24

BEHOLD how much
Within my hand I hold!
A bulb, brown and tight,
Leaf lapped, fold on fold,
As if from prying sight
And winter's cold
To keep the spark of the Eternal Light.

Evelyn Underhill.

Taken by permission from "Immanence," by Evelyn Underhill; copyrighted by E. P. Dutton and Company, New York.

March 25

WHAT hast thou learnt to-day?
Hast thou sounded awful mysteries,
Hast pierced the veilèd skies,
Climbed to the feet of God,
Trodden where saints have trod,
Fathomed the heights above?
Nay!
This only have I learnt, that God is love.

Robert Hugh Benson.

March 26

EASTER

THE air is like a butterfly
With frail blue wings.
The happy earth looks at the sky
And sings.

Joyce Kilmer.

March 27

AN EASTER CANTICLE

IN every trembling bud and bloom
That cleaves the earth, a flowery sword,
I see Thee come from out the tomb,
Thou risen Lord.

In every April wind that sings
Down lanes that make the heart rejoice,
Yea, in the word the wood-thrush brings,
I hear Thy voice.

Lo! every tulip is a cup
To hold Thy morning's brimming wine;
Drink, O my soul, the wonder up—
Is it not Thine?

The great Lord God, invisible,
Hath roused to rapture the green grass;
Through sunlit mead and dew-drenched dell,
I see him pass.

His old immortal glory wakes
The rushing streams and emerald hills;
His ancient trumpet softly shakes
The daffodils.

Thou art not dead! Thou art the whole
Of life that quickens in the sod;
Green April is Thy very soul,
Thou great Lord God!

Charles Hanson Towne.

March 28

TO be truly happy is a question of how we begin and not of how we end, and what we want and not of what we have.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

March 29

ON BEING LONELY

I AM no more lonely than a single mullein or dandelion in a pasture, or a bean leaf, or sorrel, or a horsefly, or a bumble-bee. I am no more lonely than the Mill Brook, or a weathercock, or the North Star, or the south wind, or an April shower, or a January thaw, or the first spider in a new house.

I have a great deal of company in my house; especially in the morning, when nobody calls.

Why should I feel lonely? Is not our planet in the Milky Way?

Henry David Thoreau.

March 30

GOOD COMPANY

TO-DAY I have grown taller from walking with the trees,
The seven sister-poplars who go softly in a line;
And I think my heart is whiter for its parley with a star
That trembled out at nightfall and hung above the pine.

The call-note of a redbird from the cedars in the dusk
Woke his happy mate within me to an answer free and fine;
And a sudden angel beckoned from a column of blue smoke—
Lord, who am I that they should stoop—these holy folk of thine?

Karle Wilson Baker.

March 31

THE best partners of solitude are books. I like to take a book with me in my pocket, although I find the world so full of interesting things,—sights, sounds, odours,—that often I never read a word in it. It is like having a valued friend with you, though you walk for miles without saying a word to him or he to you.

David Grayson.

O YE Showers and Dew, bless ye the Lord:
praise him and magnify him forever.

O ye Winds of God, bless ye the Lord:
praise him and magnify him forever.

APRIL'S MAGIC

NEW bracken-tips tight curled.''

April 1

SPRING'S SARABAND

OVER the hills of April
With soft winds hand in hand,
Impassionate and dreamy-eyed,
Spring leads her saraband.
Her garments float and gather
And swirl along the plain,
Her headgear is the golden sun,
Her cloak the silver rain.

Bliss Carman.

April 2

A LAUD TO THE TREES (After St. Francis)

BLESSED be our Lord God for our brothers and sisters the trees, their leaves and their roots and their benevolent shadows; for the trees that dance and the trees that sing, and especially the beeches of La Verna, because they sing "Alleluia."

Florence Converse.

April 3

IN APRIL

THE wind tangles and knots the willow's skein.
The small peach bears a load all blossomy;
But presently she lets it fall again,
Petal by petal, from her listless hand.

I sit and listen to the beating wings
Of swift spring days flying from southern lands.
Beneath the crested eaves the wind-bells praise
Hawk days, dove days, and darting swallow days.

Elizabeth Jane Coatsworth.

"Six Poems from a Chinese Court." *The Century Magazine.*

April 4

THE duty to serve the divine cause of humanity in its entirety, that of my people in particular, has been the law of my life—the supreme law, whose voice quelled my passions, my desires, my weaknesses.

"The little Grandmother of the Russian revolution," Catherine Breshkovsky.

April 5

HERE'S APRIL

WEARIED one,
Rest a little in the sun.
Here is April come behind you
With a blessing on your head:
Rains unshed,
And her loving hands that blind you
While she queries, "Who am I?"
Of the darkened eye.
O, I heard the winter pass!
Came a sigh from waking grass
That should wake a daffodilly.
April, and up-rising now,—and every kind of lily.

Josephine Preston Peabody.

April 6

YOUTH

NOT for itself is beauty, but for us
Who gaze upon it with all reverent eyes.

Theodosia Garrison.

April 7

AN APRIL PRAYER

LORD, to thy signal-light the trees
In leaf and flower, reply;
Let not my heart, more dull than these,
Alone unawakened lie.

John Bannister Tabb.

APRIL'S BIRTHDAYS

WERE you an April baby? There are a great many others!

Meadow-mice are naming the young ones of the first brood in nests on the ground.

Squirrels begin to make up their families in high nests in the hollows of trees.

Lynx, gray-fox and weasels, as well as the little skunks, have birthdays.

Fur-bearing animals pack away their winter furs.

Ducks of all sorts pass north.

Eagles nest in precarious places on cliffs and in trees.

Whip-poor-wills arrive from the South.

Chimney-swifts, humming-birds, kingbirds, vesper sparrows arrive.

All the swallow family, the vireos and some of the warblers arrive.

About the third week we hear the "teacher" call of the oven-bird.

Robins and blue-birds are nesting.

Minnows begin to spawn in the brooks.

The trout and salmon go up-stream to spawn.

The spotted salamander lays eggs in still waters.

Frogs are noisy, for the tadpoles are hatching; "peepers" too are laying eggs.

Turtles hunt their mates; queen-hornets start new nests in trees or rafters; ants, too, repair to spring house-cleaning.

This is a month of startling changes from the beginning when the first flowers are pushing slowly through the

soil;—the red of the skunk-cabbage, Dutchman's breeches, bloodroot, delicate hepaticas, anemone and shadbush and the trailing arbutus, that spirit of the spring in the heart of winter!

How busy was all the rest of the world when I was being born!

Adapted, by permission of the publishers, from *Nature's Calendar*, by Ernest Ingersoll. Copyright, 1910, by Harper and Brothers.

April 9

FOR what is it to be a poet? It is to see at a glance the glory of the world, to see beauty in all its forms and manifestations, to feel ugliness like a pain, to resist the wrongs of others as bitterly as one's own, to know mankind as others know single men, to know Nature as botanists a flower, to be thought a fool, to hear at moments the clear voice of God.

Lord Dunsany.

April 10

KNOW you what it is to be a child? It is to have a spirit yet streaming from the waters of baptism; it is to believe in love, to believe in loveliness, to believe in belief; it is to be so little that the elves can reach to whisper in your ear; it is to turn pumpkins into coaches, and mice into horses, lowness into loftiness, and nothing into everything, for each child has its fairy godmother in its own soul; it is to live in a nut-shell and to count yourself the king of infinite space.

Francis Thompson.

April 11

WHENEVER A LITTLE CHILD IS BORN

WHENEVER a little child is born,
All night a soft wind rocks the corn;
One more buttercup wakes to the morn,
Somewhere, somewhere.

One more rosebud shy will unfold,
One more grass-blade push through the mold,
One more bird-song the air will hold,
Somewhere, somewhere.

Agnes L. Carter.

April 12

A BABY

FRAGOLETTA is so small,
We wonder that she lives at all—
Tiny alabaster girl,
Hardly bigger than a pearl;
That is why we take such care,
Lest someone runs away with her.

Richard Le Gallienne.

April 13

THREE WISHES

I AM your Godmother,'' she said, scarcely above a whisper.

''I came uninvited to your christening. My sisters, the fairies, sent me here, to present to you three gifts.

''Their first gift to you is a name. By the fairies you will be called Cynthia, because you shall be as beautiful as the crescent moon setting in a twilight of April.

''And the fairies give you a star, all for your own. The North Star is yours. You must watch for this star every cloudless night. If you never fail to bear loving-kindness in your heart for my kinsfolk while you look at your star, when, some day, love comes into your life it will never, never leave you.

''Listen well, Godchild, as I give you the third gift. You are granted the privilege of making one wish,—only a single wish that will surely come true. Cherish the last gift. Save it until you are in need of fairy consolation.''

Dugald Stewart Walker.

April 14

SOME people think that there are no fairies. But it is a wide world, and plenty of room in it for fairies without people seeing them; unless, of course, they look in the right place. The most wonderful and the strongest things in the world you know, are just the things which no one can see. There is life in you; and it is the life in you which makes you grow, and move, and think: yet you cannot see it. And there is steam in a steam-engine; and that is what makes it move: and yet you can't see it; and so there may be fairies in the world, and they may be just what makes the world go round to the old tune of

"C'est l'amour, l'amour, l'amour
Qui fait la monde à la ronde."

Charles Kingsley.

April 15

DID YOU EVER

DID you ever see a fairy in a rose-leaf coat and cap
Swinging in a cobweb hammock as he napped his noon-day nap?

Did you ever see one waken very thirsty and drink up
All the honey-dew that glimmered in a golden buttercup?

Did you ever see one fly away on rainbow-twinkling wings?
If you did not, why, how comes it that you never see such things?

Evaleen Stein.

April 16

I'D like to tame a fairy,
To keep it on a shelf,
To see it wash its little face,
And dress its little self.
I'd teach it pretty manners,
It always should say, "Please";
And then, you know, I'd make it sew,
And curtsey with its knees.

Unknown.

April 17

THE fairies possess a sense of play that human beings have when they are born into this world, but nearly always they lose it. If a fairy feels his play getting lost, he must lie on his back and each member of the tribe to which he belongs has one tickle at him, which is the very best medicine for this malady.

If it cannot be tickled back into the place it belongs, the Apothecary, with his quill made of a feather from a starling's tail, and with the crimson juice of the pokeberry weed, writes a sign which is posted on the patient's chest.

It reads, "GROWING UP!"

When the dreaded words appear, it is a sign that he is to be exiled from his tribe. Silently a solemn ceremony is performed.

Dugald Stewart Walker.

April 18

APROPOS OF

THE dear old days when I could fly.''

''Peter,'' she said, ''are you expecting me to fly away with you?''

''Of course; that is why I have come.'' He added a little sternly, ''Have you forgotten that this is spring house-cleaning time?''

James M. Barrie.

April 19

"WHY can't you fly now, mother?"

"Because I am grown up, dearest. When people grow up they forget the way."

James M. Barrie.

April 20

ONE way to Fairyland is through the dawn,
Over the misty summit of the hill,
Through the dew-drenched, bird-haunted wood, until
The path leads straight into the glowing eastern light.

. . . . . .

One way to Fairyland is midnight's hour
In some old wood. The moonlight fitfully
Drifts through the boughs o'erhead, fantastically,
Splashing the black with silver in a world entranced and dumb.

One way to Fairyland is through the heart,
The heart where shy love-spirits have their birth,
Fairies that make a Paradise of earth.
One way to Fairyland is through the heart.

Mary Elizabeth Rodhouse.

April 21

OUT OF THE MORNING

WILL there really be a morning?
Is there such a thing as day?
Could I see it from the mountains
If I were as tall as they?

Has it feet like water-lilies?
Has it feathers like a bird?
Is it brought from famous countries
Of which I have never heard?

Oh, some scholar! Oh, some sailor!
Oh, some wise man from the skies!
Please to tell a little pilgrim
Where the place called morning lies.

Emily Dickinson.

Reprinted by permission of the publishers from *Poems,* by Emily Dickinson; copyright by Little, Brown and Company.

April 22

WHAT foot would fail to meet her,
And who would stay indoor,
When April in her glory
Comes triumphing once more—
When adder-tongue and tulip
Put on their coats of gold,
And all the world goes love-mad
For beauty as of old?

Bliss Carman.

April 23

COMMEMORATE his birth
Who loved the kindly earth,
Was gentle, strong, compassionate, humane,
And tolerant and wise
And glad.

Bliss Carman.

William Shakespeare, 1564-1616.

April 24

WHAN that Aprille with his shoures sote
The droughte of Marche hath perced to the rote,
And bathed every veyne in swich licour,
Of which vertu engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eek with his swete breeth
Inspirèd hath in every holt and heeth
The tendre croppes; and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours y-ronne,
And smale fowles maken melodye,
That slepen al the night with open yë,
(So priketh hem nature in hir corages):
Then longen folk to goon on pilgrimages.

Geoffrey Chaucer, 1340-1400.

April 25

HIS PILGRIMAGE

GIVE me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gage;
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

Sir Walter Raleigh, 1552-1618.

A BLESSING FOR A PILGRIMAGE

WE humbly beseech Thee that Thou would'st be pleased to bless this scrip and staff, that whosoever for love of Thy Name, shall seek to bear the same by his side, to hang it at his neck, or to carry it in his hands, and so on his pilgrimage to seek the aid of the saints with the accompaniment of humble prayer, being protected by the guardianship of Thy right hand, may be found mostly to attain unto the joy of the everlasting vision, through Thee, O Saviour of the World, who with the Father and the Holy Spirit liveth and reigneth, ever one God, world without end. Amen.

From the Sarum Missal.

April 27

MY books are friends that never fail me.

Thomas Carlyle.

There is no frigate like a book
To take us lands away.

Emily Dickinson.

Hans Christian Andersen, 1805-1875.

April 28

RATTY AND MOLE AND TOAD HAVE AN ATTACK OF SPRING FEVER

I'VE discovered the real thing, the only genuine occupation for a lifetime. I propose to devote the remainder of mine to it, and can only regret the wasted years that lie behind me, squandered in trivialities. Come with me, dear Ratty . . . and you shall see what you shall see.''

Toad led the way to the stable-yard accordingly, the Rat following with a most mistrustful expression; and there, drawn out of the coach-house into the open, they saw a gipsy caravan, shining with newness, painted a canary-yellow picked out with green and yellow wheels.

''There you are!'' cried the Toad, straddling and expanding himself. ''There's real life for you, embodied in that little cart. The open road, the dusty highway, the heath, the common, the hedgerows, the rolling downs! Camps, villages, towns, cities! Here to-day, up and off to somewhere else to-morrow! Travel, change, interest, excitement! The whole world before you, and a horizon that's always changing! . . .''

''I beg your pardon,'' said the Rat slowly, as he chewed a straw, ''but did I overhear you say something about 'we,' and 'start,' and 'this afternoon'?''

Kenneth Grahame.

April 29

MR. DOOLEY ON ADVENTURE

AN' where have all these advintures occurred, d'ye say? Well, some iv th' most feerocyous iv thim happened in me bedroom, an' some on th' front stoop iv th' house on warm moonlight nights, but most iv thim here in this room in front iv th' fire. Be rights th' walls ought to be dic'rated with moose antlers, tigers' heads, diplomas, soords, votes iv Congress, medals an' autygrafted pitchers iv th' crowned heads iv Europe. Th' best advintures anny iv us has is at home in a comf'rtable room—th' mos' excitin' an' th' asiest. Ye can make ye'ersilf as brave as ye want an' as cool, ye avide mussin' ye'er clothes, ye flavor with danger to th' taste, an' ye get a good dale more applause an' get it quicker thin th' other kind iv hayro. F'r manny years I've shot all me tigers fr'm this rockin' chair.

Finley Peter Dunne.

April 30

ONE loving spirit sets another on fire.

St. Augustine.

St. Catherine of Siena, 1347-1380.

MAY

O YE Winter and Summer, bless ye the Lord:
praise him and magnify him forever.

O ye Nights and Days, bless ye the Lord:
praise him and magnify him forever.

MAY'S MAGIC

SUMMER-snow of apple-blossom, running up from glade to glade.''

May 1

DEAR, it is the first of May,
Come with me, and let's away
Far from town and every day.
How the sun makes all things new!
Bricks are gold and slates are blue.
Were the station but more airy
'Twere a cage for a canary,
And the bridge and houses hideous
Almost please a taste fastidious.

Cosmo Monkhouse.

May 2

WITCHCRAFT

THERE'S a witchcraft in the May,
Bluebirds say,
For 'tis then the pansies wise
Give the garden a surprise
By changing into ranging butterflies.

Who has seen them, wing on wing,
Fluttering,
Purple, orange, lilac, brown,
On the road to Rainbow Town,
Where the petal people love to settle down?

Should you meet them, do not snap
Off your cap
With a prisoner in view;
Leave them to the air and dew,
Or the garden will not lightly pardon you.

Katharine Lee Bates.

Taken by permission from "Fairy Gold," by Katharine Lee Bates; copyrighted by E. P. Dutton and Company, New York.

May 3

MAY is building her home. From the dust of things
She is making the songs and the flowers and the wings;
From October's tossed and trodden gold
She is making the young year out of the old;
Yea! out of winter's flying sleet
She is making the summer sweet,
And the brown leaves spurned of November's feet
She is changing back again to spring's.

Richard Le Gallienne.

May 4

THE GREEN ROBE

THIS is what I remember to have seen.

I stood on the border of a vast robe; its material was green. A great fold of it lay full in view, but I was conscious that it stretched for almost unlimited miles. This great green robe blazed with embroidery. There were straight lines of tawny work on either side which melted again into a darker green in high relief. Right in the centre lay a pale agate stitched into the robe with fine, dark stitches; overhead the blue lining of this silken robe reached out. I was conscious that this robe was vast beyond conception, and that I stood as it were in a fold of it, as it lay stretched out on some unseen floor. But, clearer than any other thought, stood out in my mind the certainty that this robe had not been flung down and left, but that it clothed a Person. And even as this thought showed itself a ripple ran along the high relief in dark green, as if the wearer of the robe had just stirred. And I felt on my face the breeze of His motion. And it was this I suppose that brought me to myself.

Robert Hugh Benson.

May 5

PHILOSOPHER'S GARDEN

SEE this my garden,
Large and fair!''
Thus, to his friend,
The Philosopher.

'' 'Tis not too long,''
His friend replied,
With truth exact,—
''Nor yet too wide,
But well compact,
If somewhat cramped
On every side.''

Quick the reply—
''But see how high!—
It reaches up
To God's blue sky!''

John Oxenham.

May 6

OPEN the windows of your wondering heart
To God's supreme Creation; make it yours,
And give to other hearts your ample store;
For when the whole of you is but a part
Of joyous beauty such as e'er endures,
Only by giving can you gain the more!

Corinne Roosevelt Robinson.

May 7

HOSPITALITY

WHETHER my house is dark or bright,
I close it not on any wight,
Lest Thou, hereafter, King of Stars,
Against me close thy Heavenly bars.

If from a guest who shares thy board,
Thy dearest dainty thou shalt hoard,
'Tis not the guest, O do not doubt it,
But Mary's Son shall do without it.

From the Ancient Irish.

Reprinted with permission from "The Irish Book of Poetry," by Alfred Percival Graves, published by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

May 8

THE grass is full of murmurs;
The sky is full of wings;
The earth is full of breath.
With voices, choir on choir
With tongues of fire,
They sing how Life out-sings—
Out-numbers Death.

Josephine Preston Peabody.

May 9

GO on, go on! I can hear the bluebird just the same!

Henry David Thoreau.

May 10

NO mortal is alert enough to be awake at the first dawn of spring.

In a pleasant spring morning, all men's sins are forgiven.

Henry David Thoreau.

May 11

CHILD of the country! free as air
Art thou, and as the sunshine fair.

Allan Cunningham.

May 12

PLAYING HOUSE WITH PETER PAN

THEN they all went on their knees, and holding out their arms cried, "O Wendy, lady, be our mother."

"Ought I?" Wendy said all shining. "Of course it's frightfully fascinating, but you see I am only a little girl. I have no real experience."

"That doesn't matter," said Peter, as if he were the only person who knew all about it, though he was really the one who knew least. "What we need is just a nice motherly person."

"Oh! dear!" Wendy said. "You see I feel that is exactly what I am."

"It is, it is," they all cried, "we saw it at once."

"Very well," she said, "I will do my best. Come inside at once, you naughty children; I am sure your feet are damp. And before I put you to bed I have just time to finish the story of Cinderella."

James M. Barrie.

Mother's Day.
Florence Nightingale, 1820-1910.

May 13

MORE FROM LEWIS CARROLL'S LETTERS

I HAVE been awfully busy, and I've had to write heaps of letters,—wheel-barrows full—almost. And it tires me so that generally I go to bed again the next minute after I get up; and sometimes I go to bed again a minute *before* I get up! Did you ever hear of anyone being so tired as *that?*

How often you must find yourself in want of a pin! (This letter was sent to a little girl with the gift of a pin-cushion.) For instance, you go into a shop and you say to the man, "I want the largest penny bun you can let me have for a half-penny." And perhaps the man looks stupid and doesn't quite understand what you mean. Then how convenient it is to have a pin ready to stick into the back of his hand, while you say, "Now then! Look sharp, stupid!" . . .

You might as well tell me at the same time whether you are still living at Rotherwick and whether you are at home, and whether you're still a child or a grown-up person—and whether you're going to the seaside next summer—and anything else (except the alphabet and the multiplication-table) that you happen to know. I send you 10,000,000 kisses.

Lewis Carroll.

May 14

JOY is such stuff as the hinges of Heaven's doors are made of.

Robert Haven Schauffler.

May 15

JOY of life seems to me to arise from a sense of being where one belongs; of being foursquare with the life we have chosen.

David Grayson.

May 16

THE fields grow green
With the mighty mystery of springing grain.

Hamlin Garland.

May 17

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL'S HOUR

THE cool sweet air,
The dark fern-scented woods,
The breath of oak and pine,
The fire-flies in the grass,
The chirp of sleepy crickets,
The song of the thrush,
The lullaby of streams,
The unutterable coolness and sweetness—
The odor of apple blooms and grass—
Then from the fragrant dusk of pines
The whip-poor-will puts forth his slender cry.

Hamlin Garland.

May 18

THE year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!

Robert Browning.

May 19

ORCHARDS

ORCHARDS in the Spring-time! Oh, I think and think
of them,—
Filmy mists of pink and white above the fresh young
green,
Lifting and drifting,—how my eyes could dream of them,
I'm staring at a dirty wall beyond a big machine.

Orchards in the Spring-time! Deep in soft, cool shadows,—
Moving all together when the west wind blows
Fragments upon fragments over road and meadows—
*I'm smelling heat and oil and sweat, and thick, black
clothes.*

Orchards in the Spring-time! The clean white and pink
of them
Lifting and drifting with all the winds that blow.
Orchards in the Spring-time! Thank God, I still can
think of them!
*You're not docked for thinking,—if the foreman doesn't
know.*

Theodosia Garrison.

May 20

MY GARDEN

I CAN shut my eyes and see
Just the garden it would be.

Wallflowers blooming in the spring,
Brown and gold aglow;
Later London pride would come
Neatly in a row.

Brilliant larkspur flashing blue,
White and coral phlox,
Soon to be outgrown and hid
By giant hollyhocks.

These and many more I'd have,
But, if not God's will—
I still have geraniums
Growing on my sill.

I can shut my eyes and see
Just the garden it would be.

Grace Lowrey Daly.

May 21

OF MISS DODGE

SHE was certain to understand. In the spacious roominess of her mind there was shelter for the opinions of all. Her hospitable spirit entertained them. And this was not that she was all things to all men in any easy-going desire to please and agree. It was rather that she had a mind and a heart so large, that with the eyes of her mind she saw ahead and around the views that many of us took, and her heart had room for everything but prejudice.

The first impression I received of Miss Dodge was of wonder at the way in which she was willing to take a person on faith; and the wonder abides still. Nor was this belief in people simply for the time or for the occasion. Her trust lasted.

An organization was never an organization to Miss Dodge. To her it was a company of friends.

Mabel Cratty.

Grace Hoadley Dodge, 1857-1914.
Elizabeth Fry, 1780-1845.

May 22

THE struggle of to-day is not altogether for to-day. It is for a vast future also.

Abraham Lincoln.

May 23

SUPPLICATION

GIVE me the heart-touch with all that live,
And strength to speak my word;
But if that is denied me, give
The strength to live unheard.

Edwin Markham.

May 24

HE that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he himself must pass; for we all have need to be forgiven.

George Herbert.

May 25

THE MINISTRY OF THE CLOUD

IF there is no mist and no cloud the ground gets very hard. And may we not also say that some of the noblest and finest virtues which adorn our lives are children of the mist and the cloud? I mean those graces which I call spiritual ferns, and which need much shade and moisture if they are to grow and be perfected. I mean ferns like humility, modesty, reticence, reverence, patience, sympathy, and even the finer and rarer sorts of love itself. You can not grow these without mystery. You will find them in choicest and in richest fashion where the clouds have gathered, where the mists have been thick and low, and where the ground is wet with dews and rains.

John Henry Jowett.

May 26

SWEET Virgin Mary
Lives again, they say,—
Heaven's azure fairy,—
In those born on her day.

Eyes of such are full of dreams,
Lovelier are few,
And their quiet spirits seem
To dress in Mary's blue.

Every gentle maiden
To that birthday true,
Is with Christ-love laden—
Be it so with you.

Isabel Fiske Conant.

May 27

A PRAYER AT THE END OF SPRING

IF I have been too sombre, Lord,
For daffodils that light the Spring;
If I was all too dull to see
The wiser worship that they bring,
Lord, God of laughter and delight,
Remember not this thing.

If I have walked in April ways,
Too solemn and too grave, alas,
For all Thy mirthful, careless leaves,
Thy gay and gallant-hearted grass,
Lord, stay me till I learn to heed
Thy laughter where I pass.

And when there comes another Spring
Of tulips rising from the earth,
If I would go too darkly by
To sober things of lesser worth,
Lord, halt me where those pulpits are,
To hear Thee preaching mirth.

David Morton.

Julia Ward Howe, 1819-1910.

May 28

BUNCHES OF GRAPES

"BUNCHES of grapes," says Timothy;
"Pomegranates pink," says Elaine;
"A junket of cream and a cranberry tart
For me," says Jane.

"Love-in-a-mist," says Timothy;
"Primroses pale," says Elaine;
"A nosegay of pinks and mignonette
For me," says Jane.

"Chariots of gold," says Timothy;
"Silvery wings," says Elaine;
"A bumpety ride in a wagon of hay
For me," says Jane.

Walter Ramal.

May 29

A SPRING LILT

THROUGH the silver mist
Of the blossom-spray
Trill the orioles: list
To their joyous lay!

"What in all the world, in all the world," they say,
"Is half so sweet, so sweet, is half so sweet as May?"

"June! June! June!"
Low croon
The brown bees in the clover.
"Sweet! Sweet! Sweet!"
Repeat
The robins, nested over.

Unknown.

May 30

WRITTEN BY A YOUNG FRENCH SOLDIER

I THINK ceaselessly of the France of to-morrow, of that young France whose hour is at hand. A consecrated France it must be, in which there will be no purpose in life save Duty. Men will live only so far as they realize their duty and strive to fulfill it. . . .

"Be ye perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect." Perfect *through ourselves*—that is, developing our personalities to their utmost limit, making them yield the last least thing of which they are capable, and bringing them up to the ideal stature of Christ. . . .

It is not for death that I would prepare myself, but for life. For life eternal, no doubt, but for the more immediate matter of earthly life as well. When the war is over and I go home, I must be a changed being. I shall have no right to be as I formerly was—or the lesson will have been in vain. Through the war mankind must be reborn, and is it not our duty to be reborn first of all? . . .

A grave moment is at hand. There is to be a bayonet charge. If I do not come back, one thing only I ask: may the tiny flame of consecrated fire which was in me descend upon those whom I loved and who loved me—upon all my comrades in faith and toil.

Alfred Casalis.

Memorial Day.
Jeanne d'Arc, 1412-1431.

May 31

ONE who never turn'd his back but march'd breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dream'd, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
"Strive and thrive!" cry "Speed,—fight on, fare ever
There as here!"

Robert Browning.

O YE Lightnings and Clouds, bless ye the Lord:
praise him and magnify him forever.
O let the Earth bless the Lord:
yea, let it praise him and magnify him forever.

JUNE'S MAGIC

SHADOW! the fairest gift of June.''

June 1

WHAT is it like to be a rose?''
Old Roses, softly, ''Try and see.''

Anna Hempstead Branch.

June 2

LOVE PLANTED A ROSE

LOVE planted a rose,
  And the world turned sweet.
Where the wheat-field blows
Love planted a rose.
Up the mill-wheel's prose
  Ran a music-beat.
Love planted a rose,
  And the world turned sweet.

Katharine Lee Bates.

Taken by permission from "Fairy Gold," by Katharine Lee Bates, copyrighted by E. P. Dutton and Company, New York.

June 3

MIRACLES! Why, everything is a miracle. Life, Death, sunrise, the opening rose, the wind in the pines.

Maurice Hewlett.

June 4

GOD

I SEE Thee in the distant blue;
But in the violet's dell of dew,
Behold, I breathe and touch Thee too.

John Bannister Tabb.

June 5

ON a spring morning one has only to step out into the open country, lift his head to the sky and follow his nose. I've been down in the marshes following my nose—enjoying the thorn apples and the wild geraniums, talking with a woodpecker and reporting the morning news of the woods for an imaginary newspaper.

David Grayson.

June 6

AN OUTDOOR GALLERY

MY field's a pictured story,
Where every joyous soul
May have a daisy-glory,
A wild-rose aureole!

My rambler is a ladder
Whose sprays wee angels climb,
While crimson-lake and madder
Turn colors quite sublime.

Were eyes of mine unsealed quite
To columbine and rose,
I might behold my field bright
With Fra Angelicos!

Isabel Fiske Conant.

June 7

O DOWNY dandelion wings,
Wild-floating wings, like silver spun,
That dance and glisten in the sun!
You airy things, you elfin things,
That June-time always brings.

Helen Gray Cone.

June 8

SUMMER, with its daisies, runs up to every cottage door.

Alexander Smith.

June 9

TO Him who, named or unnamed, still they trusted,
Sailed their frail crafts to find an unknown sea.

St. Columba of Iona. 597 A.D.

June 10

WHO'S WHO IN THE BIRDS' BLUE BOOK

CAN you guess the identity of the following birds?

"Nature's licensed vagabond."
"The carpenter cousins."
"The topsy-turvy birds."
"A bit of flame in feathers."
"The bark bird."
"A wandering minstrel."
"A bird of gentle ways."
"A bird whose clothes always fit him."
"The feathered cat."
"A herald of spring."
"An outlaw among birds."

June 11

ALAN BRECK AND DAVID BALFOUR

PRESENTLY after came a crackling in the thicket. Putting my mouth down to the ground, I whistled a note or two of Alan's air; an answer came, in the like guarded tone, and soon we had thralled together in the dark.

"Is this you at last, Davie?" he whispered.

"Just myself," said I.

"God, man, but I've been wearying to see ye!" says he. "I've had the longest kind of a time. A'day, I've had my dwelling into the inside of a stack of hay, where I could nae see the nebs of my five fingers; and then two hours of it waiting here for you, and you never coming! . . . Is this no a bonny morning? Here is a day that looks the way that a day ought to . . . and while you were sottering and sleeping I have done a thing that maybe I do over seldom."

"And what was that?" said I.

"O, just said my prayers," said he . . . "I feel like a gomeral, to be leaving Scotland on a day like this. It sticks in my head . . . No but what France is a good place too," he explained; "but it's someway no the same. It's brawer, I believe, but it's no Scotland!"

Robert Louis Stevenson.

June 12

THERE'S one comes often as the sun
And fills my room with morning.

Olive Tilford Dargan.

June 13

FORBEARANCE

HAST thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk?
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?
And loved so well a high behavior
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,
Nobility more nobly to repay?
O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

June 14

LORD, I do fear
Thou'st made the world too beautiful this year.

Edna St. Vincent Millay.

June 15

SOON will the high Midsummer pomps come on,
Soon will the musk carnations, break and swell,
Soon shall we have the gold-dusted snapdragon,
Sweet-William with his homely cottage-smell,
And stocks in fragrant blow;
Roses that down the alleys shine afar,
And open, jasmine-muffled lattices,
And groups under the dreaming garden trees,
And the full moon and the white evening-star.

Matthew Arnold.

June 16

"FOR THEY SHALL POSSESS THE EARTH"

YOU who were beauty's worshipper,
Her ardent lover, in this place
You have seen Beauty face to face;
And known the wistful eyes of her,
And kissed the hands of Poverty,
And praised her tattered bravery.

You shall be humble, give your days
To silence and simplicity;
And solitude shall come to be
The goal of all your winding ways;
When pride and youthful pomp of words
Fly far away like startled birds.

Possessing nothing, you shall know
The heart of all things in the earth,
Their secret agonies and mirth,
The awful innocence of snow,
The sadness of November leaves,
The joy of fields of girded sheaves.

A shelter from the driving rain
Your high renouncement of desire;
Food it shall be and wine and fire;
And Peace shall enter once again
As quietly as dreams in sleep
The hidden trysting-place you keep.

(continued)

"FOR THEY SHALL POSSESS THE EARTH"

(continued)

YOU shall grow humble as the grass,
And patient as each slow, dumb beast;
And as their fellow—yea the least—
Yield stoat and hedgehog room to pass;
And learn the ignorance of men
Before the robin and the wren.

The things so terrible and sweet
You strove to say in accents harsh,
The frogs are croaking in the marsh,
The crickets chirping at your feet—
Oh, they can teach you unafraid
The meaning of the songs you made.

Till clothed in white humilities,
Each happening that doth befall,
Each thought of yours be musical,
As wind is musical in the trees,
When strong as sun and clean as dew
Your old dead songs come back to you.

Theodore Maynard.

Reprinted by permission from "Poems," by Theodore Maynard. Copyright by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

June 18

THERE is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies blow;
A heavenly paradise is the place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow;
There cherries grow that none may buy,
Till Cherry-Ripe themselves do cry.

Thomas Campion.

June 19

OF TRANSIENT BEAUTY

ROSE-FLOWER and flower of grass and flower of flame
Drift to the Beauty whence their beauty came.
Fainter are they, more brief, than this June wind,
Yet for the impalpable grace they leave behind
The years may fashion an immortal name.

Sophie Jewett.

Reprinted by permission of the publishers, from "Poems," by Sophie Jewett. Copyright by Thomas Y. Crowell and Company.

June 20

FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL

FLOWER in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;—
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

Alfred Lord Tennyson

June 21

THE STARS OF THE SUMMER SOLSTICE

THE gardens of the sky are not the same in autumn as in summer. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that there is as great a variety of color-tones among the stars as among flowers. Although the great majority of stars approximate white, there are, nevertheless, red stars, green stars, blue stars, lilac stars, yellow stars, orange stars, indigo stars, and violet stars, and stars of other tints and shades.''

On this, the longest day in the year, the beautiful star Vega is queen of the sky in the northeast; under the telescope she is the color of a sapphire. Fancy a sun like ours only outshining ours a hundred times.

Another wonder of the sky is to be found in Hercules. If you look through the telescope you may see ''the great cluster of Hercules,'' where fifteen thousand thousand suns are burning in one compact cluster.

Still another constellation toward the south is Sagittarius, the Archer, looking a bit like the Dipper; near it is another strange phenomenon, a place where there is a ''hole in the sky.''

Buried in the Milky Way east of Lyra is the Northern Cross, Cygnus, larger than the famous constellation of the Southern Cross, which is seen only in equatorial waters and has become the loved emblem of Australia.

Low in the West is the planet Venus, comrade of summer.

Adapted by permission of the publishers from ''A Year with the Stars,'' by Garrett Serviss. Copyright, 1910, by Harper and Brothers.

June 22

QUEEN MAB

SHE comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies.
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry beams:
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash of film:
Her waggoner, a small gray-coated gnat,
Her chariot is an empty hazel nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love.

William Shakespeare.

June 23

THE BRIBE

THE butterflies are bright above the trail;
They lace the bush with scarlet and with blue:—
O little dream, so faithful and so frail,
The jewel of their beauty is for you.

Hard on the Southern Cross the Centaurs ride;
They point their starry spears the long night through.
O little restless dream, be still and bide!
The jewel of that beauty is for you.

The white man knows the treasures of the land,—
The dawn, the secret flower, the silver dew;—
O little dream, hold out your hollowed hand;
The jewel of that beauty is for you.

Jean Kenyon Mackenzie.

THE WORLD'S MISER

A MISER with an eager face
Sees that each roseleaf is in place.

He keeps beneath strong bolts and bars
The piercing beauty of the stars.

The colours of the dying day
He hoards as treasure—well He may!—

And saves with care (lest they be lost)
The dainty diagrams of frost.

He counts the hairs of every head,
And grieves to see a sparrow dead.

II

Among the yellow primroses
He holds His summer palaces,

And sets the grass about them all
To guard them as His spearmen small.

He fixes on each wayside stone
A mark to shew it as His Own.

And knows when raindrops fall through air
Whether each single one be there,

That gathered into ponds and brooks
They may become His picture-books,

To show in every spot and place
The living glory of His face.

Theodore Maynard.

Reprinted by permission from "Poems," by Theodore Maynard. Copyright by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

June 25

THE FISHING-POLE

A FISHING-POLE'S a curious thing:
It's made of just a stick and string:
A boy at one end and a wish;
And on the other end a fish!

Mary Carolyn Davies.

WHAT is it to hate poetry? . . . it is to have no little dreams and fancies, no holy memories of golden days, to be unmoved by serene midsummer evenings or dawn over wild lands, singing or sunshine, little tales told by the fire a long while since, glow-worm and briar-rose; for of all those things is poetry made. It is to be cut off forever from the fellowship of great men that are gone; to see men and women without their halos and the world without its glory; to miss the meaning lurking behind common things; it is to beat one's hands all day against the gates of Fairy-land, and to find that they are shut and the country empty and its kings gone hence.

Lord Dunsany.

June 27

THE poets have taught how full of wonders is the night; and the night of blindness has its wonders too. We differ, blind and seeing, one from another, not in our senses, but in the use we make of them, in the imagination and courage with which we seek wisdom beyond our senses.

Helen Keller.

June 28

ART THOU POOR

ART thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
O sweet content!
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplex'd?
O punishment!
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vex'd
To add to golden numbers golden numbers?
O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!
Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labour bears a lovely face;
Then hey nonny nonny—hey nonny nonny!

Canst drink the waters of the crispèd spring?
O sweet content!
Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?
O punishment!
Then he that patiently want's burden bears,
No burden bears, but is a king, a king!
O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!
Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labour bears a lovely face;
Then hey nonny nonny—hey nonny nonny!

Thomas Dekker, 1575-1641.

June 29

WHO said, Pan is dead? Some fawning rogue who wanted to pay a compliment. Pan dead! He is not dead and will never die. Wherever there's a noon-day hush over the Weald, wherever there's mystery in the forest, there is Pan. Every far-sighted, unblinking old shepherd up here afield with his dog knows all about him, though he'll never tell you anything of what he knows. He hasn't got his name right, very likely; but he has got *him*.

Maurice Hewlett.

June 30

VACATION

I HAVE shut my books and hidden my slate
And tossed my satchel across the gate.
My school is out for a summer of rest,
And now for the schoolroom I love the best!

My schoolroom lies on the meadow wide,
Where under the clover the sunbeams hide,
Where the long vines cling to the mossy bars
And the daisies twinkle like fallen stars.

. . . .

My lessons are written in clouds and trees,
And no one whispers, except the breeze,
That something blows—from a secret place,
A stray, sweet blossom against my face.

. . . .

My teacher is patient, and never yet
A lesson of hers did I once forget,
For wonderful lore do her lips impart,
And all her lessons are learned by heart.

Oh, come! Oh, come! Or we shall be late,
And Autumn will fasten the golden gate.
Of all the schoolrooms east or west,
The school of Nature I love the best.

Katharine Lee Bates.

Taken by permission from "Fairy Gold," by Katharine Lee Bates, copyrighted by E. P. Dutton and Company, New York.

JULY

O YE Mountains and Hills, bless ye the Lord:
praise him and magnify him forever.

O all ye Green Things upon the earth, bless ye the Lord:
praise him and magnify him forever.

JULY'S MAGIC

GREEN! What a world of green!''

July 1

UNLOCK the door this evening
And let your gate swing wide,
Let all who ask for shelter
Come speedily inside.
What if your yard be narrow,
What if your house be small?
There is a Guest is coming
Will glorify it all.

Joyce Kilmer.

July 2

TWO Voices are there; one is of the Sea,
One of the Mountains; each a mighty voice,
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty.

William Wordsworth.

July 3

LET all the ends, the ends thou aimst at, be thy country's, thy God's, and Truth's.

William Shakespeare.

July 4

COME swiftly, O wondrous to-morrow
That shall render to Justice a soul,
When the nations shall rise from their sorrow,
The sick and the helpless be whole.
Let us cry it aloud from the steeple,
Let us shout where the darkness is hurled,
"Lo, look to the light of the people,
AMERICA, Torch of the world!"

Angela Morgan.

July 5

WHAT wealth God has! He gives each day something to distinguish it from every other.

Leo Tolstoi.

July 6

BEAUTY? What is it but a new way of approach? For wilderness, for foreignness, I have no need to go a mile: I have only to come up through my thicket or cross my field from my own roadside—and behold, a new heaven and a new earth!

Things grow old and stale, not because they are old, but because we cease to see them.

David Grayson.

July 7

IN A NEIGHBORLY WORLD

AS in a childish game I stand
Blindfolded and alone,
And trembling reach an eager hand
To kindred all unknown.''

''The Sphinx-moth clothed in downy hues,
In woolly whites and fawns and blues,
Goes fluttering through the evening dews.''

''Here are sweetpeas on tiptoe, for a flight,
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,
And taper fingers catching at all things,
To bind them all about with tiny rings.''

''The humming-bird, which arrived at the same time, was wonderfully beautiful, especially when he flew close to your face and remained suspended motionless on mist-like wings for a few moments, his feathers looking and glittering like minute emerald scales.''

July 8

A PRAYER

TEACH me, Father, how to go
Softly as the grasses grow;
Hush my soul to meet the shock
Of the wild world as a rock;
But my spirit, propt with power,
Make as simple as a flower.
Let the dry heart fill its cup,
Like a poppy looking up;
Let life lightly wear her crown,
Like a poppy looking down,
When its heart is filled with dew
And its life begins anew.

Teach me, Father, how to be
Kind, and patient as a tree.
Joyfully the crickets croon
Under shady oak at noon;
Beetle, on his mission bent,
Tarries in that cooling tent.
Let me, also, cheer a spot,
Hidden field or garden grot—.
Place where passing souls can rest
On the way and be their best.

Edwin Markham.

July 9

A RUNE OF HOSPITALITY

I SAW a stranger yestereen;
I put food in the eating place,
Drink in the drinking place,
Music in the listening place;
And, in the sacred name of the Triune,
He blessed myself and all my house,
My cattle and all my dear ones.
And the lark said in her song,
Often, often, often,
Goes the Christ in the stranger's guise;
Often, often, often,
Goes the Christ in the stranger's guise.

Old Gaelic Rune.

July 10

THE MOUNTAINS ARE A LONELY FOLK

THE mountains they are silent folk
They stand afar—alone,
And the clouds that kiss their brows at night
Hear neither sigh nor groan.
Each bears him in his ordered place
As soldiers do, and bold and high
They fold their forests round their feet
And bolster up the sky.

Hamlin Garland.

July 11

THE MOUNTAIN

HIGH on a summit of mountain
With the far world at its feet,
Mine be the wide horizon
Where earth and sky shall meet!

By day I shall have the sunlight
And the vast blue dome of sky;
By night I shall have the starlight
And a white moon drifting by!

The free wild wind shall sing me
The chant of the far away
That comes from beyond the daybreak
With the first dim dawn of day;

And I, in the chant of the wind's song,
Will find my dreams and be
Free like the wind on the mountain—
That sings of its dreams to me.

Patten Beard.

July 12

MAGIC

WITHIN my hand I hold
A piece of lichen-spotted stone—
Each fleck red-gold—
And with closed eyes I hear the moan
Of solemn winds round naked crags
Of Colorado's mountains. The snow
Lies deep about me. Gray and old
Hags of cedars, gaunt and bare,
With streaming, tangled hair,
Snarl endlessly. White-winged and proud,
With stately step and queenly air,
A glittering, cool and silent cloud
Upon me sails.
The wind wails,
And from the canon stern and steep
I hear the furious waters leap.

Hamlin Garland.

July 13

EVERYTHING divine runs with light feet.

David Grayson.

July 14

LISTENING (An Indian Song)

THE noise of passing feet
On the prairie—
Is it men or gods
Who come out of the silence?

Alice Corbin.

July 15

A PRAIRIE

TO make a prairie it takes a clover and one bee,—
One clover, and a bee,
And revery.
The revery alone will do
If bees are few.

Emily Dickinson.

Reprinted by permission of the publishers from "Poems," by Emily Dickinson, copyright by Little, Brown and Company.

July 16

THE BUTTERFLY

I HOLD you at last in my hand,
  Exquisite child of the air.
Can I ever understand
  How you grew to be so fair?

You came to my linden tree
  To taste its delicious sweet,
I sitting here in the shadow and shine
  Playing around its feet.

Now I hold you fast in my hand,
  You marvelous butterfly,
Till you help me to understand
  The eternal mystery.

From that creeping thing in the dust
  To this shining bliss in the blue!
God give me the courage to trust—
  I can break my chrysalis too!

Alice Freeman Palmer.

July 17

MORNING air! If men will not drink of this at the fountain head of the day, why, then, we must even bottle up some and sell it in shops, for the benefit of those who have lost their subscription ticket to morning-time in this world.

Henry David Thoreau.

July 18

FROM THE LETTERS OF THE MAN WHO NEVER GREW UP: TO A CHILD

MY dear Gertrude,—This will *not* do, you know, sending one more kiss every time by post: the parcel gets so heavy it is quite expensive. When the postman brought the last letter, he looked quite grave, "Two pounds to pay, sir!" he said. "*Extra weight*, sir!" (I think he cheats a little, by the way. He often makes me pay two *pounds* when I think it should be pence.) "Oh, if you please, Mr. Postman!" I said, going down gracefully on one knee (I wish you could see me go down on one knee to a postman—it's a pretty sight), "do excuse me just this once! It's only from a little girl!"

"Only from a little girl," he growled. "What are little girls made of?" "Sugar and spice," I began to say, "and all that's ni——" But he interrupted me. "No, I don't mean *that*. I mean, what's the good of little girls, when they send such heavy letters?" "Well, they're not *much* good, certainly," I said, sadly.

"Mind you don't get any more such letters," he said . . . I promised him we would send each other *very* few letters—"Only two thousand four hundred and seventy, or so," I said. "Oh!" he said, "a little number like *that* doesn't signify. What I meant is, you mustn't send many."

I sometimes wish I was back on the shore at Sandown; don't you?

Your loving friend, Lewis Carroll.

July 19

TO love playthings as well as a child, to lead an adventurous and honourable youth, and to settle, when the time arrives, into a green and smiling age, is to be a good artist in life and deserve well of yourself and your neighbor.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

July 20

GOOD-MORROW

PACK, clouds, away! and welcome, day!
With night we banish sorrow;
Sweet air, blow soft; mount, lark, aloft
To give my love good-morrow!
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow!
Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale sing,
To give my Love good-morrow!
To give my Love good-morrow!
Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin red-breast!
Sing, birds, in every furrow!
And from each bill let music shrill
Give my fair Love good-morrow!
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cocksparrow,
You pretty elves, among yourselves
Sing my fair Love good-morrow!
To give my Love good-morrow!
Sing, birds, in every furrow!

Thomas Heywood, 1570-1650.

July 21

THE BARGAIN

MY true love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one for the other given:
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven:
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides:
He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
I cherish his because in me it bides:
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

Sir Philip Sidney, 1554-1586.

July 22

ALL that I know
Of a certain star
Is, it can throw
(Like the angled spar)
Now a dart of red,
Now a dart of blue;
Till my friends have said
They would fain see, too,
My star that dartles the red and the blue!
Then it stops like a bird; like a flower, hangs furled:
They must solace themselves with the Saturn above it.
What matter to me if their star is a world?
Mine has opened its soul to me; therefore I love it.

Robert Browning.

July 23

CONCERNING LOVE

I WISH she would not ask me if I love the Kitten more than her.

Of course I love her. But I love the Kitten too: and It has fur.

Josephine Preston Peabody.

July 24

SO let us love and understand,
Whose hearts are hidden in God's hand.

Anna Hempstead Branch.

July 25

ST. CHRISTOPHER OF THE GAEL

BE not afraid:
Look, I am Light.
A great star
Seen from afar
In the darkness of night.
I am Light,
Be not afraid,
Wade, wade,
Into the deep flood!
Think of the Bread,
The Wine and the Bread
That are my Flesh and Blood.
Cross, cross the Flood
Sure is the goal
Be not afraid
O Soul,
Be not afraid.

Fiona Macleod (William Sharp).

St. Christopher, 3rd century.

July 26

I KNOW thou wilt surrender not to pain;
Thou wilt look never forth from coward eyes;
Thou would'st not barter truth for Paradise;
Thou could'st not think that ease and peace were gain.

Sophie Jewett.

Reprinted by permission of the publishers, from "Poems," by Sophie Jewett. Copyright by Thomas Y. Crowell and Company.

July 27

TWO SPARROWS

TWO creatures upon earth,
Our price one farthing worth;
To everlasting Love
All price above.

John Bannister Tabb.

July 28

FOLLOW thou Me. For what is it to thee whether this man be such or such, or that others do or say thus and thus?

Thomas à Kempis: marked by General George Gordon in a copy of the "Imitation of Christ."

July 29

IDEALS are to run races with. The moment we stop chasing them they sit down, become opinions.

July 30

BROKEN by it I too may be. Bow to it I never will.

Abraham Lincoln.

July 31

THOU shalt grow strong again,
Confident, tender,—
Battle with wrong again,
Be truth's defender,—
Of the immortal train,
Born to attempt, attain,
Never surrender.

Bliss Carman.

AUGUST

O YE Seas and Floods, bless ye the Lord:
praise him and magnify him forever.

O ye Whales, and all that move in the waters, bless ye the Lord:
praise him and magnify him forever.

AUGUST'S MAGIC

THESE are the hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes.''

August 1

THE Sea said, "Come," to the Brook.
The Brook said, "Let me grow!"
The Sea said, "Then you will be a Sea—
I want a brook! Come now!"

Emily Dickinson.

Reprinted by permission of the publishers from "The Single Hound," by Emily Dickinson; copyright by Little, Brown and Company.

August 2

THE SEA BIRD TO THE WAVE

ON and on,
O white brother!
Thunder does not daunt thee!
How thou movest!
By thine impulse—
With no wing!
Fairest thing
The wide sea shows me!
On and on
O white brother!

Art thou gone!

Padraic Colum.

Reprinted from "Wild Earth," Henry Holt and Company, New York. By arrangement with the publishers.

August 3

THE INLANDER

I NEVER climb a high hill
Or gaze across the lea,
But oh, beyond the two of them,
Beyond the height and blue of them,
I'm looking for the sea.

Theodosia Garrison.

August 4

THE plain has moods like the sea:
It is filled with voices and stir
Of wings.

Hamlin Garland.

August 5

IN A CORN-FIELD

WHO was it passed me, his body a-throbbing?
Who but Sir Humblebee home from his robbing!

What is that crackle of chariots whirling?
'Tis Cricket Achilles where green smoke is curling.

And who is it comes on the bloom-ocean steering?
Bold Dragonfly Cortez, a-tacking and veering!

Edwin Markham.

August 6

AUGUST is laughing across the sky,
Laughing while paddle, canoe and I
Drift, drift,
Where the hills uplift
On either side of the current swift.
The river rolls in its rocky bed,
My paddle is plying its way ahead,
Dip, dip,
When the waters flip
In foam as over their breast we slip.

E. Pauline Johnson (Tekahionwake).

August 7

GOOD luck! and up with you, for it is a glorious morning!

Henry van Dyke.

August 8

THE important thing to me about a road, as about life and literature, is not that it goes anywhere, but that it is livable while it goes.

David Grayson.

August 9

THE OPEN DOOR

OFTEN, as I have walked along a country road, idly pleased with the world about me, I have passed an old barn, with great doors flung wide front and back, so that one could look through them to the meadows behind. It is the same country I have been passing,—fields, bushes, fence-lines, a bit of hill and sky,—but the great doorways framing it in timbers and shadow create thereby a certain enhancement of its values, so that, invariably, looking through, one gets one's impression with something added, a heightening of perception that is strangely arresting.

What is it that the big barn doors do? They limit, of course, they cut a little piece out of the wholeness of things, they say to us, "Never mind the rest, take just this, look at it in just this way—and now see how beautiful it is!"

Contributors Club: *The Atlantic Monthly.*

August 10

THERE'S no music like a little river's. It plays the same tune (and that's the favorite) over and over again, and yet does not weary of it like men fiddlers. It takes the mind out of doors; and though we should be grateful for good houses, there is, after all, no house like God's out-of-doors. And lastly, sir, it quiets a man down like saying his prayers.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

August 11

THIMBLEBERRY, salmonberry, mountain ash, and chinquapin,
Hard-hack, black cap, elderberry blue,
Blackberry, huckleberry, rhododendron, sword fern,
Woolly manzanita—to be riding through
The heavy brush about the trail, at dusk once more!
When all the gold is spilling on the sky's wide floor!

Mary Carolyn Davies.

August 12

MEASURES

MEASURE grist by the millful,
Dew by the daffodilful,
April clouds by the skyful,
Tears by Ophelia's eyeful;
Measure leaves by the elmful;
Slaves by the tyrant's realmful,
Green-capped gnomes by the hillful,
Rhymes by Romeo's quillful;
Measure sweets by the jarful,
Dreams by the brooding starful,
Robes by the bridal chestful,
Songs by Bobolink's breastful,
Thorns by the rose's stemful,
Gems by the diademful,
Gold and dust by the cartful,
Only love by the heartful.

Katharine Lee Bates.

Reprinted by permission of the publishers, from "America the Beautiful and Other Poems," by Katharine Lee Bates; copyright by Thomas Y. Crowell and Company.

August 13

IF there are not songs inside bubbles, what is in them?

Dugald Stewart Walker.

August 14

WHEN the dark pansies nod to say
Good morning to the marigolds,
Their velvet taciturnity
Reveals as much as it withholds.

I always half expect to hear
Some hint of what they mean to do;
But never is their fine reserve
Betrayed beyond a smile or two.

Yet very well at times I seem
To understand their reticence,
And so long since, I came to love
My little brothers by the fence.

Perhaps some August afternoon,
When earth is only half-aware,
They will unlock their heart for once,—
How sad if I should not be there!

Bliss Carman.

August 15

HOLLYHOCKS in a double row and all my own!

Sarah Orne Jewett.

August 16

NATURE passes the dishes far more rapidly than we can help ourselves.

David Grayson.

August 17

GO back to the simple life, be contented with simple food, simple pleasures, simple clothes. Work hard, pray hard, play hard. Work, eat, recreate and sleep. Do it all courageously. We have a victory to win.

Herbert Hoover.

August 18

LITTLE things may be important by what they draw after them.

Henry Ward Beecher.

August 19

SIMPLICITY, simplicity, simplicity! I say, let your affairs be as two or three, and not a hundred or a thousand; instead of a million, count half a dozen; and keep your accounts on your thumb nail.

Henry David Thoreau.

August 20

ORDER is a lovely thing;
On disarray it lays its wing,
Teaching simplicity to sing.
It has a meek and lowly grace,
Quiet as a nun's face.
Lo—I will have thee in this place!
Tranquil well of deep delight,
Transparent as the water, bright—
All things that shine through thee appear
As stones through water, sweetly clear.
Thou clarity,
That with angelic charity
Revealest beauty where thou art,
Spread thyself like a clean pool.
Then all the things that in thee are
Shall seem more spiritual and fair,
Reflections from serener air—
Sunken shapes of many a star
In the high heavens set afar.

Anna Hempstead Branch.

ANGELIC SERVICE

NO angel is so high
But serveth clowns and kings
And doeth lowly things;
He in this serviceable love can see
The symbol of some heavenly mystery,—
So common things grow wings.

No angel bravely dressed
In lark-spur colored gown,
But he will bend him down
And sweep with careful art the meanest floor,
Singing the while he sweeps and toiling more
Because he wears a crown.

Set water on to boil,
An angel helps thee straight;
Kneeling beside the grate
With pursed mouth he bloweth up the flame,
Chiding the tardy kettle that for shame
Would make an angel wait.

. . .

And that same toil-worn broom—
So humble in thine eyes,
Perchance had donned disguise
And is a seraph on this errand bent,
To show thee service is a sacrament
And Love wears servant's guise.

Winnifred M. Letts.

Taken by permission from "The Spires of Oxford and Other Poems," by Winnifred M. Letts; copyrighted by E. P. Dutton and Company, New York.

August 22

LO, now, my shoes!
They cannot help but dance when thou dost play,
For they are woven of spells and charms and dreams
And emptiness and magic.

Anna Hempstead Branch.

August 23

I COME in the little things,
Saith the Lord:
My starry wings
I do forsake,
Love's highway of humility to take:
Meekly I fit my stature to your need.
In beggar's part
About your gates I shall not cease to plead—
As man, to speak with man—
Till by such art
I shall achieve my immemorial plan,
Pass the low lintel of the human heart.

Evelyn Underhill.

Taken by permission from "Immanence," by Evelyn Underhill; copyrighted by E. P. Dutton and Company, New York.

August 24

A YOUNG girl, you know, is something like a temple. You pass by and wonder what mysterious rites are going on in there—what prayers—what visions!

Joseph Conrad.

August 25

ON THE BIRTH OF A CHILD

LO—to the battle-ground of life,
Child, you have come, like a conquering shout,
Out of a struggle—into strife;
Out of a darkness—into doubt.

Girt with the fragile armor of youth,
Child, you must ride into endless wars,
With the sword of protest, the buckler of truth,
And a banner of love to sweep the stars.

About you the world's despair will surge;
Into defeat you must plunge and grope—
Be to the faltering an urge;
Be to the hopeless years a hope!

Be to the darkened world a flame;
Be to its unconcern a blow—
For out of its pain and tumult you came,
And into its tumult and pain you go.

Louis Untermeyer.

August 26

WHO IS SILVIA?

WHO is Silvia? What is she?
That all the swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
But I respectfully decline
To help him of this blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excells each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

William Shakespeare, 1564-1616.

August 27

FREEDOM IN DRESS

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast,
Still to be powdered, still perfumed,—
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free,—
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all the adulteries of art;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

Ben Jonson, 1573-1637.

August 28

PRETENSION may sit still, but cannot act. A man passes for that he is worth.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

August 29

TISN'T life that matters! 'Tis the courage you bring to it.

Hugh Walpole.

August 30

AN OBJECTOR

SOME folk,'' the Monkey says, ''there be
That claim descent from mine and me;
But I respectfully decline
Such compliments to me and mine.''

John Bannister Tabb.

August 31

THE ELEPHANT

WHEN people call this beast to mind,
They marvel more and more,
At such a little tail behind,
So LARGE a trunk before.

Hilaire Belloc.

SEPTEMBER

O ALL ye Fowls of the air, bless ye the Lord:
praise him and magnify him forever.

O all ye Beasts and Cattle, bless ye the Lord:
praise him and magnify him forever.

SEPTEMBER'S MAGIC

I LOOK into the crater of the ant.''

September 1

THERE'S no smoke in the lark's house.

Old Gaelic proverb.

September 2

THE HOUSE AND THE ROAD

THE little Road says, Go,
The little House says, Stay;
And O, it's bonny here at home,
But I must go away.

The little Road, like me,
Would seek and turn and know;
And forth I must, to learn the things
The little Road would show!

And go I must, my dears,
And journey while I may,
Though heart be sore for the little House
That had no word but, Stay.

Maybe no other way
Your child could ever know
Why a little House would have you stay,
When a little Road says, Go.

Josephine Preston Peabody.

September 3

OFF FOR COLLEGE

GOING to college? Then I congratulate you. Life, which seems to me none too prodigal to most of us, is giving you your chance.

In spite of what some people say, going to college is seeing life. Outside of college one usually sees only slices of life. Here one sees it whole. The curriculum, to the one who has eyes to see and ears to hear, thrills with vitality.

Beware the reactions. Life concentrated thus may wear upon you. You need to relax. Otherwise, seeing life too steadily, some day you and your work will all seem futile in the light of the great world's course, and college life will seem abnormal, shut-in, removed from reality. It is not, actually, but you have made it so.

Fit into life. Do not impose your discovery of Life's cross-currents on others. Remember what Rosalind said to melancholy Jaques, the much-travelled in life: "I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad—and to travel for it too!" And the world is of her opinion.

The girl in your hall is the test of your theory of life.

You will always be the kind of citizen you are now.

Because you comprehend life better, you will make it more comprehensive.

Henry Noble MacCracken.

September 4

A FATHER COUNSELS HIS FRESHMAN SON

DON'T wear your tires out scorching too early in life. Don't dawdle; don't scramble. When you work, work; when you play, play; when you rest, rest; and think all the time.

We have to take things as they come and deal with them as we can. The trick is to get the kernel and eliminate the shuck.

Plan to get into the game if you have to go on your hands and knees.

There is no one to whom you are not related if only you can find the relation.

You will have to think more or less about yourself, because that sort of thing belongs to your time of life, . . . but don't overdo it.

E. S. Martin.

September 5

THIS thy child, a woman earnest-eyed,
Who wears thy gracious favors worthily,
Pledges her honest faith, her constant pride,
To live her life as one who holds in trust
God's gold to give again, who fearless must
Face the great days to be.

Sophie Jewett.

Reprinted by permission of the publishers, from "Poems," by Sophie Jewett; copyright, by Thomas Y. Crowell and Company.

JANE ADDAMS

REMEMBER Botticelli's Fortitude
In the Uffizi?—The worn, waiting face;
The pale fine-fibred hands upon the mace;
The brow's serenity, the lips that brood,
The vigilant, tired patience of her mood?
There was a certain likeness I could trace
The day I heard her in a country place,
Talking to knitting women about food.

Through cool statistics glowed the steady gleam
Of that still undismayed, interned desire;
But—strength and stay and deeper than the dream—
The two commands that she is pledged to keep
In the red welter of a world on fire,
Are, "What is that to thee?" and "Feed my sheep!"

Ruth Comfort Mitchell.

Jane Addams.

September 7

THE portals are open, the white road leads
Through thicket and garden, o'er stone and sod.
On, up! Boot and Saddle! Give spurs to your steeds!
There's a city beleaguered that cries for men's deeds,
For the faith that is strength and the love that is God!
On through the dawning! Humanity calls!
Life's not a dream in the clover!
On to the walls, on to the walls,
On to the walls and over!

Hermann Hagedorn.

September 8

THE OFFER OF THE COLLEGE

TO be at home in all lands and all ages; to count Nature a familiar acquaintance, and Art an intimate friend; to gain a standard for the appreciation of other men's work and the criticism of your own; to carry the keys of the world's library in your pocket, and feel its resources behind you in whatever task you undertake; to make hosts of friends among the men of your own age who are to be leaders in all walks of life; to lose yourself in generous enthusiasms and coöperate with others for common ends; to learn manners from students who are gentlemen, and form character under professors who are Christians, this is the offer of the college for the best four years of your life.

William DeWitt Hyde.

September 9

JOTTINGS FROM LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS TO HIS SON

BE wiser than other people, if you can; but do not tell them so.

Vice and ignorance are the only thing I know which one ought to be ashamed of; keep but clear of them and you may go anywhere without fear or concern.

Pleasure is the rock which most young people split upon. They launch out with crowded sails in quest of it, but without a compass to direct their course, or reason sufficient to steer the vessel; for want of which, pain and shame, instead of pleasure, are the returns of their voyage.

Every man's reason is, and must be, his guide.

Real friendship is a slow grower.

Wear your learning like your watch, in a private pocket, and do not pull it out and strike it merely to show that you have one.

Remember, then, as long as you live, that nothing but strict truth can carry you through the world with either your conscience or your honour unwounded.

Lord Chesterfield, 1694-1773.

September 10

IT is important to know people, but it is more important to be worth knowing. College offers you at least two valuable details of opportunity; a large variety of people to know, and a large variety of means to make yourself better worth knowing.

E. S. Martin.

September 11

EVERY creature that came near to him began to love him; one could so thoroughly trust him;—he rang so thoroughly true; one felt instinctively there was not the slightest bit of affectation about the man,—inside and outside moved together.

Said of Charles Kingsley.

September 12

TWO men I honour, and no third. First, the toil-worn Craftsman that with earth-made Implement, laboriously conquers the Earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard Hand; crooked, coarse; wherein notwithstanding lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the Sceptre of this planet. Venerable too is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a Man living man-like. O, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee! Hardly-entreated Brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed: thou wert our Conscript on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee too lay a God-created Form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of Labour; and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on: *thou* art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread.

Thomas Carlyle.

September 13

DREAMS, books, are each a world; and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good;
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.

William Wordsworth.

September 14

THERE is a great power in words. All the things that ever get done in the world, good or bad, are done by words.

Charles Rann Kennedy.

September 15

GOD wove a web of loveliness,
Of clouds and stars and birds
But made not anything at all
So beautiful as words.

They shine around our simple earth
With golden shadowings—
And every common thing they touch
Is exquisite with wings.

Anna Hempstead Branch.

September 16

WHEN we finish building an air castle we seldom live in it after all; we sometimes even forget that we ever longed to! Perhaps we have gone so far as to begin another castle on a higher hilltop.

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

September 17

A PRAYER

WE ask for no far-off vision which shall set us dreaming while opportunities around slip by; for no enchantment which shall make our hands to slack and our spirits to sleep, but for the vision of Thyself in common things for every day; that we may find a Divine calling in the claims of life, and see a heavenly reward in work well done.

We ask Thee not to lift us out of life, but to prove thy power within it; not for tasks more suited to our strength, but for strength more suited to our tasks.

Give to us the vision that moves, the strength that endures, the grace of Jesus Christ, who wore our flesh like a monarch's robe and walked our earthly life like a conqueror in triumph. Amen.

W. E. Orchard.

Taken by permission from "The Temple, A Book of Prayers," by W. E. Orchard; copyrighted by E. P. Dutton and Company, New York.

September 18

HOW can we expect a harvest of thought who have not had a seed-time of character?

Henry David Thoreau.

September 19

BE like the bird, who, pausing in her flight
Awhile, on boughs too slight,
Feels them give beneath her and yet sings,
Knowing she too has wings.

Robert Browning.

September 20

ONE wanted so much to be glorious!
An organ great and sweet;
He could be but humbly cheerful,
An organ of the street!
It trundled on hammering bravely
Airs not at all sublime:
Where'er it chanced, the children danced,
The grown folk stepped in time.

Gertrude Hall.

September 21

WHO hath mightily won

God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain,
And sight out of blindness, and purity out of a stain.

Sidney Lanier.

September 22

IN labor, as in prayer, fulfilling the same law.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

September 23

THE STARS OF AUTUMN

"Domine, cui sunt Pleiades curae."

THIS is the night of the Autumnal Equinox.

The garland of the Milky Way has now been thrown across the whole sky from northeast to southwest.

Vega and Altair hang halfway down the curtain of the west.

Cassiopeia like a huge "W" makes a diagonal across the north.

Now low down in the south shines "the lonely star" of Fomalhaut, the Fish's Mouth. This like Castor and Pollux is one of the sailors' stars, a friend from the bridge of the ship in lonely seas.

West of Cassiopeia Perseus flashes his sword among the stars of the Milky Way.

High in the sky overhead rides the Winged Horse, Pegasus.

Adapted, by permission of the publishers, from "A Year with the Stars," by Garrett Serviss. Copyright, 1910, by Harper and Brothers.

September 24

WHO is a leader? Is it not one who knows the way, keeps ahead, and has that strange power which enables him to get others to follow?

John R. Mott.

THE BROOM, THE SHOVEL, THE POKER, AND THE TONGS

THE Broom and the Shovel, the Poker and Tongs,
They all took a drive in the Park.
And each sang a song, Ding-a-dong! Ding-a-dong!
Before they went back in the dark.
Mr. Poker he sat quite upright in the coach,
Mr. Tongs made a clatter and clash,
Miss Shovel was dressed all in black (with a brooch),
Mrs. Broom was in blue (with a sash).
Ding-a-dong! Ding-a-dong!
And they all sang a song!

"O Shovely so lovely!" the Poker he sang,
"You have perfectly conquered my heart!
Ding-a-dong! Ding-a-dong! If you're pleased with my song,
I will feed you with cold apple-tart!
When you scrape up the coals with a delicate sound,
You enrapture my life with delight!
Your nose is so shiny! Your head is so round
And your shape is so slender and bright!
Ding-a-dong! Ding-a-dong!
Ain't you pleased with my song?" . . .

Edward Lear.

September 26

JUST THE REVERSE

"YOU go to bed at twelve or one,
And thus destroy your health, my son."
"No, sir," the boy said drowsily,
"It's getting up that's killing me."

John Bannister Tabb.

September 27

AT last Tom stumbled over a respectable old stick lying half covered with earth. But a very stout and worthy stick it was, for it belonged to good Roger Ascham in olden times, and had carved on its head King Edward the Sixth, with the Bible in his hand.

"You see," said the Stick, "there were as pretty little children once as you could wish to see, and might have been so still if they had only been left to grow up like human beings and then handed over to me; but their foolish fathers and mothers instead of letting them pick flowers and make dirt-pies and get birds' nests, and dance around the gooseberry bush, as little children should, kept them always at lessons, working, working, working, learning work-day lessons all work-days, and Sunday lessons all Sunday, and weekly exams every Saturday, and monthly exams every month, and yearly exams every year, everything seven times over, as if once was not good enough, and good as a feast—till their brains grew big and their bodies grew small, and they were all changed into turnips, with little but water inside, and still their parents actually pick the leaves off them as fast as they grow, lest they should have anything green about them."

Charles Kingsley.

September 28

REBECCA'S PHILOSOPHY

"I LOOK like a drudge," said Rebecca mysteriously, "but I really am a princess; you mustn't tell, but this is only a disguise; I wear it for reasons of state."

"Aunt Miranda says you must think only of two things: will your dress keep you warm and will it wear well, and there is nobody in the world to know how I love pink and red and how I hate drab and green and how I never wear my hat with the black and yellow porcupine quills without wishing it would blow off into the river."

"There's something inside of you that does instead of pretty dresses," cried Emma Jane.

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

September 29

MOLEY AND RATTY DINE WITH MR. BADGER

PRESENTLY they all sat down to luncheon together. The Mole found himself placed next to Mr. Badger, and as the other two were still deep in river-gossip from which nothing could divert them, he took the opportunity to tell Mr. Badger how comfortable and homelike it all felt to him. "Once well underground," he said, "you know exactly where you are. Nothing can happen to you, and nothing can get at you. You're entirely your own master, and you don't have to consult anybody or mind what they say. Things go on all the same overhead, and you let 'em, and don't bother about 'em. When you want to, up you go, and there the things are, waiting for you."

The Badger beamed on him. "That's exactly what I say," he replied. "There's no security, or peace, and tranquillity, except underground."

"No, up and out of doors is good enough to roam about and get one's living in; but underground to come back to at last—that's my idea of *home.*"

Kenneth Grahame.

September 30

NATURE'S COINCIDENCES

IS yours a September birthday?
It's odd how busy the world is in other quarters!

Woodchucks,—begin their preparations to go to sleep for the winter!

Squirrels and raccoons,—eating the mushrooms as dainties.

Muskrats,—beginning their winter lodges.

Deer,—resorting to the edges of the ponds, the bucks freeing their horns from the "velvet."

Herring-gull,—arriving from the North.

Blue heron and bittern,—departing south the third week.

Migratory hawks,—gathering into flocks.

King-bird and sapsucker,—passing south.

White-throated sparrow,—arriving from the North.

Grosbeaks and swallows,—slowly moving south.

The veery,—going south—and all the warblers.

Newts,—complete their transformations and leave the water.

Toads,—go into hibernation.

The rattlesnake and "garters,"—enlarge their families.

Queen of the wasps and the bumble-bees mature in the nests.

Adults of the monarch butterflies,—move south.

Second brood of the Red Admiral butterflies,—on your dahlias, now and all through October.

Moths,—spinning cocoons below their food-plants.

Grasshoppers,—laying their eggs and beginning to die, now and through October.

Nature goes into the "little red school house," too.

Adapted, by permission of the publishers, from "Nature's Calendar," by Ernest Ingersoll. Copyright, 1910, by Harper and Brothers.

OCTOBER

O YE Children of Men, bless ye the Lord:
praise him and magnify him forever.

O let Israel bless the Lord:
praise him and magnify him forever.

OCTOBER'S MAGIC

HILL-TOPS had my feet by heart."

October 1

BECAUSE the road was steep and long
And through a dark and lonely land,
God set upon my lips a song
And put a lantern in my hand.

Through miles on weary miles of night
That stretch relentless in my way
My lantern burns serene and white,
An unexhausted cup of day.

Joyce Kilmer.

October 2

IF the year were an orchestra, to-day would be the flute-tone in it. Do you like—as I do—on such a day to go out into the sunlight and *stop thinking,*—lie fallow as a field? A day, in short,—which takes absolute possession of you, and says to you in tones which command obedience, to-day you must forego expression and all outcome, you must remain a fallow field, for the sun and wind to fertilize, nor shall any corn or flowers sprout into visible green and red until to-morrow.

Sidney Lanier.

A SONG OF ST. FRANCIS

THERE was a Knight of Bethlehem,
Whose wealth was tears and sorrow;
His men-at-arms were little lambs,
His trumpeters were sparrows.
His castle was a wooden cross
On which He hung so high;
His helmet was a crown of thorns,
Whose crest did touch the sky.

Henry Neville Maugham.

October 4

ST. FRANCIS' SERMON TO THE BIRDS

AND as with great fervour he was going on the way, he lifted up his eyes and beheld some trees hard by the road whereon sat a great company of birds well-nigh without number: whereat St. Francis marvelled, and said to his companions: "Ye shall wait for me here upon the way and I will go to preach unto my sisters, the birds." And he went into the field and began to preach unto the birds that were on the ground; and immediately those that were on the trees flew down to him, and they all of them remained still and quiet together until St. Francis made an end of preaching: and not even then did they depart, until he had given them his blessing. The Sermon that St. Francis preached unto them was after this fashion:

"My little sisters, the birds, much bounden are ye unto God, your Creator, and always in every place ought ye to praise Him, for that He hath given you liberty to fly about everywhere, and hath also given you double and triple raiment. Beyond all this, ye sow not, neither do you reap; and God feedeth you, and giveth you the streams and fountains for your drink, the mountains and the valleys for your refuge and the high trees whereon to make your nests; and because ye know not how to spin or sew, God clotheth you, you and your children; wherefore your Creator loveth you much, seeing that He hath bestowed on you so many benefits; and therefore, my little sisters, beware of the sin of ingratitude, and study always to give praises unto God."

Whereas St. Francis spake these words to them, those birds began all of them to open their beaks, and stretch

their necks, and spread their wings, and reverently bend their heads down to the ground, and by their acts and their songs to show that the Holy Father gave them joy exceeding great. And St. Francis rejoiced with them, and was glad, and marvelled much at so great a company of birds and their most beautiful diversity and their good heed and sweet friendliness, for the which course he devoutly praised their Creator in them.

The Flowers of St. Francis.

St. Francis of Assisi, 1182-1226.

October 5

THE Divine light shines most clearly, I think, in the faces of men and women and children whom I meet every day.

William Scott Palmer.

October 6

BEAUTIFUL

I HAVE no word to tell you
The beauty of her face;
From her, a wedding garment
Would win a grace.

And as the glow of moonrise
Will make the east divine,
Doth Soul, the radiant dweller,
Her face outshine.

Josephine Preston Peabody.

October 7

NOW the joys of the road are chiefly these:
A crimson touch on the hard-wood trees;

A vagrant's morning wide and blue,
In early fall, when the wind walks, too;

A shadowy highway cool and brown,
Alluring up and enticing down

From rippled water to dappled swamp,
From purple glory to scarlet pomp;

The outward eye, the quiet will,
And the striding heart from hill to hill.

Bliss Carman.

October 8

PICK a blade of grass by the roadside, from the first tuft that offers, and you will perceive an independent, indefatigable, unexpected little intelligence at work.

Maurice Maeterlinck.

October 9

GOD of Youth, let this day here
Enter neither care nor fear.

John Fletcher, 1579-1625.

October 10

THE SEA OF SUNSET

THIS is the land the sunset washes,
These are the banks of the Yellow Sea;
Where it rose, or whither it rushes,
These are the western mystery!

Night after night her purple traffic
Strews the landing with opal bales;
Merchantmen poise upon horizons,
Dip, and vanish with fairy sails.

Emily Dickinson.

Reprinted, by permission of the publishers, from "Poems," by Emily Dickinson; copyright by Little, Brown and Company.

October 11

FROM EDITH CAVELL'S PRAYER-BOOK

THOU must pass through fire and water before thou come to the place of refreshing.

Occasions of adversity best discover how great virtue or strength each one hath.

Without a combat thou canst not attain unto the crown of patience.

Grant me above all things that can be desired to rest in Thee and in Thee to have my heart. Thou art the true peace of the heart; Thou its only rest; out of Thee all things are hard and restless. In this very peace that is in Thee, the one chiefest eternal Good, I will sleep and rest. Amen.

Written in her Prayer-book the night before her execution.

October 12

OF EDITH CAVELL

THIS I would say, standing as I do in view of God and eternity: I realize that patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness toward any one.

Words of hers before execution.

I want you to know I was neither afraid nor unhappy, but quite ready to give my life for England.

Written in a last letter to a girl friend in England.

Died October 12, 1915.

October 13

COMRADES, rejoice with me,
For the joy that is to be,
When all the earth, far as the blue sky bends,
Shall be a light-heart company of friends.

Edwin Markham.

October 14

IT is a phenomenon worthy of consideration by all hardened disbelievers in that which is miraculous upon this earth that when a man's heart really opens to a friend he finds there room for two. And when he takes in the second, behold the skies lift, and the earth grows wider, and he finds there room for two more.

David Grayson.

October 15

TWA hearts thegether,
Tho' skies be strange abuve,
Can mak' their ain gude weather,
A' out o' tender luve.

Katharine Lee Bates.

Taken by permission from "Fairy Gold," by Katharine Lee Bates; copyrighted by E. P. Dutton and Company, New York.

THE LANTERNS OF ST. EULALIE

IN the October afternoon
Orange and purple and maroon,

Goes quiet Autumn, lamp in hand,
About the apple-colored land,

To light in every apple-tree
The Lanterns of St. Eulalie.

They glimmer in the orchard shade
Like fiery opals set in jade,—

Crimson and russet and raw gold,
Yellow and green and scarlet old.

And O, when I am far away
By foaming rill and azure bay,

. . . .

In dreams once more I shall behold,
Like signal lights, those globes of gold

Hung out in every apple-tree,
The Lanterns of St. Eulalie.

Bliss Carman.

October 17

A CHILD'S PRAYER

FOR Morn, my dome of blue,
For Meadows, green and gay,
And Birds who love the twilight of the leaves,
Let Jesus keep me joyful when I pray.

For the big Bees that hum
And hide in bells of flowers;
For the winding roads that come
To Evening's holy door,
May Jesus bring me grateful to his arms,
And guard my innocence for evermore.

Siegfried Sassoon.

Taken by permission, from "The Old Huntsman and Other Poems," by Siegfried Sassoon; copyrighted by E. P. Dutton and Company, New York.

October 18

GO on with Life another mile,
Lighting the way with kindly smile.

Edwin Markham.

October 19

ANTICIPATION (Of a Cat)

WHEN I grow up I mean to be
A Lion large and fierce to see.
I'll mew so loud that Cook in fright
Will give me all the cream in sight,
And anyone who dares to say
"Poor Puss" to me will rue the day.
Then having swallowed him I'll creep
Into the Guest-Room Bed to sleep!

Oliver Herford.

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES says that in every one of us there are two persons. First, there is yourself and then there is the Other Fellow. Now one of these is all the time doing things and the other sits inside and tells what he thinks about the performance. . . .

And I would rather hear the "Well done" of the Other Fellow than the shouts of praise of the whole world.

William Hawley Smith.

October 21

I HAVE known many college men who learned their lessons, who yet failed to get from the college all that they ought to get. But I have never known a man who failed to get his lessons, whatever else he may have got, to receive the full advantage of the course.

Charles Franklin Thwing.

October 22

A PRAYER

O GOD, when the heart is warmest,
And the head is clearest,
Give me to act:
To turn the purposes thou formest
Into fact.

John Jay Chapman.

October 23

FREE men set themselves free.

James Oppenheim.

October 24

IF you would not be known to do a thing, never do it.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

October 25

MORE LOOKING-GLASS LOGIC

LET'S consider your age to begin with—how old are you?''

''I'm seven and a half, exactly,'' said Alice.

''You needn't say 'exactly,' '' the Queen remarked. ''I can believe it without that. Now I'll give you something to believe. I'm just 101, 5 months and a day.''

''I can't believe *that,*'' said Alice.

''Can't you,'' said the Queen in a pitying tone. ''Try again: draw a long breath, and shut your eyes. . . . When I was your age, I always did it for half-an-hour a day. Why, sometimes, I'd believe as many as six impossible things before breakfast.''

Lewis Carroll.

October 26

THE best reward for having wrought well already, is to have more to do.

Charles Kingsley.

October 27

BREATHE hard, play hard, rest hard, work hard; up and at it, no matter what it is.

Theodore Roosevelt.

Theodore Roosevelt, 1858-1919.

October 28

PIONEERS

THEY rise to mastery of wind and snow;
They go like soldiers grimly into strife
To colonize the plain. They plow and sow,
And fertilize the sod with their own life,
As did the Indians and the buffalo.

Hamlin Garland.

October 29

THE coyote's Winter howl cuts the dusk behind the hill,
But the ranch's shinin' window I kin see,
And though I don't deserve it and, I reckon, never will,
There'll be room beside the fire kep' for me.
Skimp my plate 'cause I'm late. Let me hit the old kid gait,
For to-night I'm stumblin' tired of the new,
And I'm ridin' up the Christmas trail to you,
Old folks,
I'm ridin' up the Christmas trail to you.

Charles Badger Clark, Jr.

October 30

MAY every soul that touches thine,
Be it the slightest contact, get therefrom some good,
Some little grace, one kindly thought,
One aspiration yet unfelt; one bit of courage
For the darkening sky, one gleam of faith
To brave the thickening ills of life,
One glimpse of brighter sky beyond the gathering mists,
To make this life worth while, and heaven a surer heritage.

Unknown.

October 31

THE HARE

IN the black furrow of a field
I saw an old witch-hare this night;
And she cocked her lissome ear,
And she eyed the moon so bright,
And she nibbled o' the green;
And I whispered "Whsst! Witch-hare!"
Away like ghostie o'er the field
She fled, and left the moonlight there.

Walter Ramal.

All Hallows Eve.

NOVEMBER

O YE Servants of the Lord, bless ye the Lord:
praise him and magnify him forever.

O ye Spirits and Souls of the Righteous, bless ye the Lord:
praise him and magnify him forever.

FOR one candle will light ten thousand.''

November 1

FOR ALL THE SAINTS

FOR all the saints, who from their labors rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy Name, O Jesu, be forever blest. Alleluia.

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might:
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, the one true Light. Alleluia.

Oh, may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold. Alleluia.

O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Alleluia.

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song.
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia.

The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm, of Paradise the blest. Alleluia.

But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on His way. Alleluia.

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Alleluia.

W. W. How.

Feast of All Saints.

November 2

CITIZEN OF THE WORLD

NO longer of Him be it said
"He hath no place to lay His head."

In every land a constant lamp
Flames by His small and mighty camp.

There is no strange and distant place
That is not gladdened by His face.

And every nation kneels to hail
The Splendour shining through Its veil.

Cloistered beside the shouting street,
Silent, He calls me to His feet.

Imprisoned for His love of me
He makes my spirit greatly free.

And through my lips that uttered sin
The King of Glory enters in.

Joyce Kilmer.

All Souls Day.

November 3

CANDLES THAT BURN

CANDLES that burn for a November birthday,
Wreathed around with asters and with goldenrod,
As you go upward in your radiant dying
Carry my prayer to God.

. . .

Ask Him to keep her brave and true and lovely,
Vivid and happy, gay as she is now,
Ask Him to let no shadow touch her beauty,
No sorrow mar her brow.

Aline Kilmer.

November 4

THE BURDEN

I ASK no more save only this may be—
On life's long road, where many comrades fare,
One shall not guess, though he keep step with me,
The burden that I bear.

Theodosia Garrison.

November 5

FROM A FRENCH ARMY HOSPITAL

I NEVER dreamed what real work was before, of course; but now I know, and am learning mighty quick to accommodate myself to the revelation,—never to take two steps when I can arrive in one, never to bend over the low beds if I can sit, to relax everything but the occupied hand when I am feeding a patient. These seem little things but just because of them I am as fit as possible, though I work always more than fourteen hours per day.

You can't imagine, I suppose, that we laugh and jest all day long? Yet so it is, and if you can't do that, you might as well get out, for all the good you can do a French wounded soldier.

Gaston is of the stuff that will make France victorious. He's a little fish dealer of Paris, staunch and sane of soul and limb, the kind that goes out alone on patrol, and brings down his Boche every time, and wears the cross at nineteen without bragging.

A pearl fisher—a good Catholic and a brave fighter—has come from the sunny shores of Guadeloupe, to die for France. . . . If ever I doubted how to die, my black pearl fisher from Guadeloupe has shown me the way.

The last two days have been painfully hot at noon, and give ominous foretaste of summer in these frail barracks. It will be as rigorous as winter, and the wounds already need more vigilance. So far, though, *it is all right.*

Mademoiselle Miss.

November 6

A CREED

THERE is a destiny that makes us brothers:
None goes his way alone:
All that we send into the lives of others
Comes back into our own.

Edwin Markham

November 7

NO EAST OR WEST

IN Christ there is no East or West,
In Him no South or North,
But one great Fellowship of Love
Throughout the whole wide earth.

In Him shall true hearts everywhere
Their high communion find.
His service is the golden cord
Close-binding all mankind.

John Oxenham.

November 8

THE things that make men alike are finer and better than the things that keep them apart.

Canon Barnett.

November 9

HOW is Filippa to live? Will you say,
You lords of finance, who meagerly pay
That your profits may crown you the kings of to-day?
You, whose yachts and whose motors, whose houses and lands
Are bought by the labor of Filippa's hands,
Do you know of a way that the body be fed
Save by bread?
In a world where the price of one's breathing is gold,
Can you tell of a way one may shelter from cold
Save by roofs that are rented for dollars and cents?
Yet you dare to reward with your miserly pence!
Do you dream she could thrive on the pittance you give?
Speak! How is Filippa to live? . . .

Shame, shame on the nation that shelters this wrong
While praising Jehovah with prayer and with song.
And shame to the women who shrug and who sigh,
But offer no help as Filippa goes by.

Angela Morgan.

November 10

DEMOCRACY means not "I'm as good as you are," but "You're as good as I am."

Theodore Parker.

November 11

PRAYER OF A LONELY GIRL IN THE CITY

OH, keep me brave through eves alone,
Still blithe along my toiling day,
Still let me hold my torch of life
Up-flaming clear along the way.

Lord Christ, Who gave my dreams to me,
Still keep them white, as yesterday,
Within my little friendly town,
Within my home, so far away.

Margaret Widdemer.

November 12

PITY as an emotion passes. Pity as a motive, remains.

Dr. Edward C. Trudeau.

November 13

WANTED

GOD give us men! The time demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and willing hands.
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking.

J. G. Holland.

November 14

WE are they who will not falter—
Many swords or few—
Till we make this earth the altar
Of a worship new;
We are they who will not take
From palace, hut, or code,
A meaner law than "brotherhood,"
A lower Lord than God.

Edwin Arnold.

November 15

WHAT we get in the steerage is not the refuse but the sinew and bone of all the nations. I am never so clear as to the basis of my faith in America as when I have been talking with the ungroomed mothers of the East Side in New York. Voluntary emigration always calls for the highest combination of the physical and moral virtues. With every shipload of immigrants we get a fresh infusion of pioneer blood.

Our brains, our wealth, our ambitions flow in channels dug by the hands of immigrants. Alien hands erect our offices, rivet our bridges, and pile up the proud masonry of our monuments.

Mary Antin.

November 16

OH, these foreigners mek me sick, they do reely!''

''Yes, perhaps that has been the real mistake all along.''

''Wot 'as, Captain?''

''Taking these people—men like this one, for instance—for foreigners.''

''Well, you'll excuse me, sir, but wot else are they?''

''I'm not quite sure; but supposing they were more nearly related? Supposing, after all, they happened to be made of the same flesh and blood as you and me? Supposing, even, they were—brothers?''

Charles Rann Kennedy.

November 17

YOU shall be governed by laws of your own making and live a free and if you will, a sober, and industrious People. I shall not usurp the right of any, or oppress his person. God has furnished me with a better resolution, and has given me his grace to keep it. In short, what ever sober and free men can reasonably desire for the security and improvement of their own happiness, I shall heartily comply with—I beseech God to direct you in the way of righteousness, and therein prosper you and your children after you. I am your true friend,

William Penn.

William Penn's Proclamation to the Quaker Colony of Pennsylvania.

November 18

NOW I know that strength is something more than the trampling of others into the dust that we ourselves may have a clear road. It is something much harder and much less triumphant than that. It is the standing aside to let somebody else pass on.

K. C. Thurston.

November 19

A GREAT King made a feast for Love,
And golden was the board and gold
The hundred, wondrous gauds thereof;
Soft lights like roses fell above
Rare dishes exquisite and fine;
In jewelled goblets shone the wine—
A great King made a feast for Love.

Yet Love as gladly and full-fed hath fared
Upon a broken crust that two have shared.

Theodosia Garrison.

November 20

ONCE I thought to find on earth
Love, perfect and complete.
Now I know it carries wounds
In its hands and feet.

Anna Hempstead Branch.

THE WHOLE YEAR CHRISTMAS

OH, could we keep the Christmas thrill,
The goad of gladness and good-will,
The lift of laughter and the touch
Of kindled hands that utter much,
Not once a year, but all the time,
The melody of hearts in chime,
The impulse beautiful and kind,
Of soul to soul and mind to mind
That swings the world
And brings the world
On one great day of all the year
Close to God's treasure house of cheer. . . .
Oh, could we keep the Christmas feast,
Even when goods and gold are least;
Here, 'mid our common, daily scenes,
Could we but live what Christmas means,
Not one day, but for every day
The miracle of wholesome play,
The spirit sweet, gift-giving, young,
From deepest wells of feeling sprung. . . .

What a different world this world would be!
For we should see as children see,
If only a magic way were found
To make us children the whole year round!

Angela Morgan.

November 22

THAT is best blood that hath most iron in 't
To edge resolve with, pouring without stint
For what makes manhood dear.

James Russell Lowell.

November 23

WHERE in life's common ways
With cheerful feet we go;
Where in His steps we tread,
Who trod the way of woe;
Where He is in the heart,
City of God, thou art.

Not throned above the skies,
Nor golden-walled afar,
But where Christ's two or three
In His name gathered are,
Be in the midst of them,
God's own Jerusalem.

F. T. Palgrave.

November 24

LEAD on, O King Eternal,
The day of march has come;
Henceforth in fields of conquest
Thy tents shall be our home;
Through days of preparation,
Thy grace has made us strong,
And now, O King Eternal,
We lift our battle-song.

Lead on, O King Eternal,
Till sin's fierce war shall cease,
And holiness shall whisper
The sweet amen of peace;
For not with swords loud clashing,
Nor roll of stirring drums,
But deeds of love and mercy
The heavenly kingdom comes.

E. W. Shurtleff.

November 25

FROM "LITTLE WOMEN"

DO you remember how you used to play Pilgrim's Progress when you were little things? Nothing delighted you more than to have me tie my piece-bags on your backs for burdens, give you hats and sticks and rolls of paper, and let you travel through the house from the cellar, which was the City of Destruction, up, up, to the housetop where you had all the lovely things you could collect to make a Celestial City.

"We never are too old for this, my dear, because it is a play we are playing all the time in one way or another. Our burdens are here, our road is before us, and the longing for goodness and happiness is the guide that leads us through many troubles and mistakes to the peace which is a true Celestial City."

Louisa M. Alcott.

November 26

CHRISTIAN BEGINS HIS PILGRIMAGE

I DREAMED, and behold, I saw a man clothed with rags standing in a certain place, with his face from his own house, a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back. And his name was Christian. I looked and saw him open the book, and read therein; and as he read, he wept and trembled; and not being able longer to contain, he brake out with a lamentable cry.

Then said Evangelist, pointing with his finger over a very wide field, Do you see yonder Wicket Gate? The man said, No. Then said the other, Do you see yonder shining light? He said, I think I do. Then said Evangelist, Keep that light in your eye, and go up directly thereto, so shalt thou see the gate; at which, when thou knockest, it shall be told thee what thou shalt do.

So I saw in my dream that the man began to run. Now he had not run far from his own door, but his wife and children, perceiving it, began to cry after him to return; but the man put his fingers in his ears, and ran on, crying, Life! Life! Eternal life!

November 27

CHRISTIAN IS LOOSED OF HIS BURDEN

NOW I saw in my dream, that they drew nigh to a very miry slough, that was in the midst of the plain; and they being heedless, did both fall suddenly into the bog. The name of the slough was Despond. Here, therefore, they wallowed for a time, being grievously bedaubed with dirt; and Christian, because of the burden that was on his back, began to sink in the mire. But still he endeavoured to struggle to that side of the slough that was further from his own house, and next to the Wicket-gate. But I beheld that a man came to him, whose name was Help. So he gave him his hand, and he drew him out, and set him upon sound ground, and bid him go his way.

Now I saw in my dream that the highway up which Christian was to go, was fenced on either side with a wall, and that wall was called Salvation. Up this way did burdened Christian run, but not without great difficulty, because of the load on his back. He ran thus till he came at a place somewhat ascending; and upon that place stood a cross. So I saw in my dream, that just as Christian came up with the cross, his burden loosed from off his shoulders, and fell from off his back. Then was Christian glad and lightsome.

Then he stood still awhile to look and wonder. Now as he stood looking and weeping, behold, three Shining Ones came to him, and saluted him with, Peace be to thee. So the first said to him, Thy sins be forgiven thee; the second stripped him of his rags, and clothed him with change of raiment; the third also set a mark in his fore-

head; and gave him a roll with a seal upon it, which he bid him look on as he ran, and that he should give it in at the Celestial Gate: so they went their way. Then Christian gave three leaps for joy, and went on singing.

November 28

CHRISTIAN SLEEPS IN THE CHAMBER PEACE

I BEHELD then that they all went on till they came to the foot of the Hill Difficulty, at the bottom of which there was a spring. There were also in the same place two other ways besides that which came straight from the gate: but the narrow way lay right up the hill, and the name of the going up the side of the hill is called Difficulty. Christian went now to the spring, and drank thereof to refresh himself. Now the name of one of these two other ways was Danger, and the name of the other Destruction.

I looked then after Christian, to see him going up the hill, where I perceived he fell from running to going, and from going to clambering upon his hands and knees, because of the steepness of the place. Now about the midway to the top of the hill was a pleasant arbor, made by the Lord of the hill for the refreshing of weary travellers. Thither Christian got, where also he sat down to rest him.

And he lifted up his eyes and behold there was a very stately palace before him, the name of which was Beautiful, and it stood by the high-way. So I saw in my dream that he made haste and went forward that if possible he might get lodging there. So when he was come in and sat down, they gave him something to drink and eat. Then the pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber, whose windows opened towards the sun-rising. The name of the chamber was Peace.

November 29

THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS

THEN went they till they came to the Delectable Mountains, which mountains belong to the Lord of that hill. Now there were on the tops of these mountains shepherds feeding their flocks, and they stood by the highwayside. The pilgrims, therefore, went to them and leaning upon their staves, they asked, Whose delectable mountains are these, and whose be the sheep that feed upon them?

Shepherds. These mountains are Immanuel's land, and they are within sight of his city, and the sheep also are his, and He laid down his life for them.

Christian. Is this the way to the Celestial City?

Shepherds. You are just in your way.

Christian. How long is it thither?

Shepherds. Too far for any but those that shall get thither indeed.

Then said the Shepherds one to another, Let us here show to the pilgrims the gates of the Celestial City, if they have skill to look through our prospective-glass. The pilgrims then lovingly accepted the motion; so they had them to the top of a high hill, called Clear, and gave them the glass to look.

Then they essayed to look, but the remembrance of evil things made their hands shake, by means of which impediment they could not look steadily through the glass, yet thought they saw something like the gate, and also some of the glory of the place.

November 30

THE CELESTIAL CITY

NOW I saw in my dream, that by this time the pilgrims were got over the Enchanted Ground, and had entered into the country of Beulah, whose air was very sweet and pleasant. Here they heard continually the singing of birds and saw every day the flowers appear in the earth, and heard the voice of the turtle in the land. Here also they were in sight of the city they were going to: also there met them some of the inhabitants thereof; for in this land the Shining Ones commonly walked, because it was upon the borders of heaven.

And drawing near to the City they had yet a more perfect view thereof. It was builded of pearls and precious stones, also the street thereof was paved with gold. But the reflection of the sun upon the city was so extremely glorious, that they could not as yet with open face behold it. Now I saw further, that betwixt them and the gate was a river; but there was no bridge to go over; and the river was very deep. Then they addressed themselves to the waters, and entering, Christian began to sing, and, crying out to his good friend Hopeful, he said, I sink in deep waters; the billows go over my head. And with that a great darkness and horror fell upon Christian, so that he could not see before him.

Now upon the bank of the river, on the other side, they saw the two shining men, who there waited for them. Now you must note that the City stood upon a mighty hill; but the pilgrims went up that hill with ease; also they had left their mortal garments in the river.

Now while they were thus drawing towards the gate,

behold a company of the heavenly host came out to meet them: to whom it was said by the other shining ones, These are the men that have loved our Lord, and that have left all for his holy Name.

Then I saw in my dream that these two men went in at the gate; and lo! as they entered, they were transfigured; and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. Then I heard in my dream that all the bells of the City rang again for joy. There were also of them that had wings and they answered one another without intermission, saying, Holy, holy, holy is the Lord! And after that they shut up the gates; which when I had seen, I wished myself among them.

Adapted from John Bunyan.

DECEMBER

O YE holy and humble Men of heart, bless ye the Lord: praise him and magnify him forever.

DECEMBER'S MAGIC

THE rising of the wind among the pines,
The runic wind, full of old legendries.''

December 1

GIVE me the winter: give me the winter! Not all winter, but just winter enough, just what nature sends.

David Grayson.

December 2

THE GOOD SOLDIER IN DISTANT AFRICA

I MUST go. I am in honour bound to go.

Mine has been such a joyous service. God has been good to me, letting me serve Him in this humble way. I cannot thank Him enough for the honour He conferred upon me when He sent me to the Dark Continent.

Don't be a nervous old maid! Give yourself for the battle outside somewhere and keep your heart young. Give up your whole being to create music everywhere, in the light places and in the dark places, and your life will make melody.

It is a dark and difficult land, and I am old and weak—but happy.

Mary Slessor.

Mary Slessor of Calabar, 1848-1915.

December 3

THE Soul that hath a Guest,
Doth seldom go abroad,
Diviner crowd at home
Obliterate the need,
And courtesy forbid
A host's departure, when
Upon himself be visiting
The Emperor of Man.

Emily Dickinson.

Reprinted, by permission of the publishers, from "The Single Hound," by Emily Dickinson; copyright by Little, Brown and Company.

December 4

FOLK say, a wizard to a northern king
At Christmas-tide such wondrous things did show,
That through one window men beheld the spring,
And through another saw the summer glow,
And through a third the fruited vines a-row,
While still, unheard, but in its wonted way,
Piped the drear wind of that December day.

William Morris.

December 5

THE CHRISTMAS MIRACLE

DO you know the marvel of Christmas time,
The miracle meaning of song and chime,
Of hearty love and huge good will,
Of feasts that gladden and gifts that spill? . . .

Oh! it isn't the gift, and it isn't the feast;
Of all the miracles, these are the least.
It's the good that flows from the hearts of men
When Christmas love is abroad again.

Angela Morgan.

December 6

THE INN OF LIFE

CHRIST passes
On his ceaseless quest,
Nor will he rest
With any,
Save as Chiefest Guest.

John Oxenham.

YET if his Majesty, our sovereign lord,
Should of his own accord
Friendly himself invite,
And say, "I'll be your guest to-morrow night,"
How should we stir ourselves, call and command
All hands to work! "Let no man idle stand.
Set me fine Spanish tables in the hall,
See they be fitted all;
Let there be room to eat,
And order taken that there want no meat,
See every sconce and candlestick made bright
That without tapers they may give a light. . . ."

Thus if the king were coming would we do,
And 'twere good reason too. . . .

But at the coming of the King of Heaven
All's set at six and seven;
We wallow in our sin,
Christ cannot find a chamber in the inn,
We entertain Him always as a stranger,
And as at first still lodge Him in the manger.

Unknown.

December 8

WHEN THE HERDS WERE WATCHING

WHEN the herds were watching
In the midnight chill,
Came a spotless lambkin
From the heavenly hill.

Snow was on the mountains,
And the wind was cold,
When from God's own garden
Dropped a rose of gold.

When 'twas bitter winter,
Homeless and forlorn,
In a star-lit stable
Christ the Babe was born.

Welcome, heavenly lambkin;
Welcome, golden rose;
Alleluia, Baby,
In the swaddling clothes!

William Canton.

December 9

THE LEAST OF CAROLS

LOVELIEST dawn of gold and rose
Steals across undrifted snows;
In brown, rustling oak leaves stir
Squirrel, nuthatch, woodpecker;
Brief their matins, but, by noon,
All the sunny wood's a-tune:
Jays, forgetting their harsh cries,
Pipe a spring note clear and true;
Wheel on angel wings of blue,
Trumpeters of Paradise;
Then the tiniest feathered thing,
All a-flutter, tail and wing,
Gives himself to carroling;

"Chick-a-dee-dee, chick-a-dee!"
Jesulino, hail to thee!
Lowliest baby born to-day,
Pillowed on a wisp of hay:
King no less of sky and earth,
And singing sea;
Jesu! Jesu! most and least!
For the sweetness of thy birth
Every little bird and beast,
Wind and wave and forest tree,
Praises God exceedingly,
Exceedingly.

Sophie Jewett.

Reprinted by permission of the publishers from "Poems," by Sophie Jewett; copyright by Thomas Y. Crowell and Company.

December 10

LIKE ONE I KNOW

LITTLE Christ was good, and lay
Sleeping, smiling in the hay;
Never made the cows' round eyes
Open wider at his cries;
Never when the night was dim,
Startled guardian seraphim,
Who above Him in the beams,
Kept their watch round his white dreams;
Let the rustling brown mice creep
Undisturbed about his sleep.

Yet if it had not been so—
Had He been like one I know,
Fought with little fumbling hands,
Kicked inside his swaddling bands,
Puckered wilful crimsoning face—
Mary Mother, full of grace,
At the little naughty thing,
Still had been a-worshipping.

Nancy Campbell.

December 11

A LITTLE Child, a Joy-of-Heart, with eyes
Unsearchable, he grew in Nazareth,
His daily speech so innocently wise
That all the town went telling: "Jesus saith."

Katharine Lee Bates.

Reprinted by permission of the publishers, from "America the Beautiful and Other Poems," by Katharine Lee Bates. Copyright by Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

December 12

CHRISTMAS ONCE IS CHRISTMAS STILL

AND Christmas once is Christmas still:
The gates through which He came,
And forests wild and murmuring rill,
And fruitful field and breezy hill—
And all that else the wide world fill,
Are vocal with the name.

Phillips Brooks.

December 13

NO true man can live a half life, when he has genuinely learned that it is a half-life. The other half, the higher half, must haunt him.

Phillips Brooks.

Phillips Brooks, 1835-1893.

December 14

THE FOLDED FLOCK

I SAW the shepherd fold the sheep,
With all the little lambs that leap.

O Shepherd Lord, so I would be
Folded with all my family.

Or go they early, come they late,
Their mother and I must count them eight.

And how, for us, were any heaven,
If we, sore-stricken, saw but seven?

Kind Shepherd, as of old Thou'lt run
And fold at need a straggling one.

Wilfrid Meynell.

December 15

I HAVE a golden ball,
A big, bright, shining one,
Pure gold—and it is all
Mine.—It is the sun.

I have a silver ball,
A white and glistering stone
That other people call
The moon—my very own!

And everything that's mine
Is yours, and yours, and yours—
The shimmer and the shine!—
Let's lock our wealth outdoors!

Florence Converse.

December 16

LOVE alters everything; it melts up the whole world and makes it afresh. Love is the sun of our spirits, and it's the wind. Ah! and the rain, too!

John Galsworthy.

December 17

GRANT that we may know how to abound and how to sacrifice; that life may be to us not a cup to be drained but a measure to be filled; that we may be broad without losing earnestness, and intense without becoming narrow; that every enlargement of our interest may make us mean not less but more to those who have the first claim on our loyalty; that with widening responsibilities conscience may be as sensitive to small sins; that faith may become stronger as our knowledge expands and our thought of Thee be enlarged with increasing experience; that we may reverently appreciate the heritage bequeathed us by the inquiring and devoted of all the ages, while with open minds we confidently expect to-day's revelation of Thee.

Henry Sloane Coffin.

December 18

LEADERS whose wisdom the multitudes wait for, on whose strength they depend, at whose call they rise above themselves and lift the whole of God's big purpose for mankind a notch nearer the summit!

Charles H. Brent.

December 19

CHRIST, THE MENDICANT

A STRANGER, to His own
He came; and one alone,
Who knew not sin,
His lowliness believed,
And in her soul conceived
To let Him in.

He naked was, and she
Of her humanity
A garment wove:
He hungered, and she gave,
What most His heart did crave,
A Mother's love.

John Bannister Tabb.

THE CHERRY TREE CAROL

AS Joseph was a-walking,
He heard an angel sing,
"This night shall be the birth-time
Of Christ, our heavenly King.

He neither shall be born
In housen, nor in hall,
Nor in the place of Paradise,
But in an ox's stall.

He neither shall be clothèd
In purple nor in pall,
But in the fair white linen
That usen babies all.

He neither shall be rockèd
In silver nor in gold,
But in a wooden manger
That resteth on the mould."

As Joseph was a-walking,
There did an angel sing,
And Mary's Child at midnight
Was born to be our King.

Then be ye glad, good people,
This night of all the year—
And light ye up your candles,
For His star it shineth clear.

Old English.

December 21

BEFORE he slept that night he looked out upon the vast and solemn congregation of the stars. Star beyond star, planet beyond planet, strange worlds all, immutably controlled, unrelinquished day or night, ages or æons, shepherded among the infinite deeps, moving orderly from a dawn a million years away, sheep shepherded beyond all change or chance, or no more than the dust of a great wind blowing behind the travelling feet of Eternity—what did it all mean?

Fiona Macleod (William Sharp).

December 22

WINTER COMES AMONG THE STARS

AND behold the height of the stars, how high they are!''

This is called the Winter Equinox.

With twilight over at six o'clock, Sirius becomes the ''star of wonder,'' heralding and becoming the anniversary star of Christmases long ago. It is one of the nearest stars but, as well, it is the largest sun in our part of space; a younger sun than ours and thirty times as bright! Some astronomers think that our whole planetary system is but a minor part of a tremendous system of which Sirius is the sun; it takes nine years for its light to come to us!

Now is Orion, the Hunter, in place above Sirius, always represented as a giant facing west, brandishing a club and carrying on his arm a lion's hide. The three bright stars form his belt, and point toward Sirius. The centre star is considered to be the grandest nebula in the sky.

Nearer the zenith is Aldebaran—the star that shows rose-red, and seems to lead many little flocks of stars of wondrous beauty.

Now the Pleiades ''like a swarm of butterflies''—their distance so great that it is not to be computed—fly from the Great Hunter ever across the sky, this cluster probably one of the most beautiful. To the old Greeks they were nymphs forever chased, forever escaping. To the Indians they were a group of lost children; in old China they were sisters busy at their needlework.

Above the club of the Hunter you will find Castor and

Pollux, the Twin Brothers,—stars distinct and fraternal.
On such a wondrous night were you born?

Adapted by permission of the publishers from "A Year with the Stars," by Garrett Serviss. Copyright, 1910, by Harper and Brothers.

December 23

THOSE shepherds through the lonely night
Sat watching by their sheep,
Until they saw the heavenly host
Who neither tire nor sleep,
All singing "Glory, glory,"
In festival they keep.

Christina Rossetti.

December 24

O NEVER failing splendor!
O never silent song!
Still keep the green earth tender,
Still keep the gray earth strong;
Still keep the brave earth dreaming
Of deeds that shall be done,
While children's lives come streaming
Like sunbeams from the sun.

No star unfolds its glory,
No trumpet's wind is blown,
But tells the Christmas story
In music of its own.
No eager strife of mortals,
In busy fields or town,
But sees the open portals
Through which the Christ came down.

O Angels sweet and splendid,
Throng in our hearts and sing
The wonder that attended
The coming of the King;
Till, we too, boldly pressing
Where once the Angel trod,
Climb Bethlehem's Hill of Blessing
And find the Son of God.

Phillips Brooks.

Christmas Eve.

December 25

IT is His birthday,—His, the Holy Child!''

ADESTE FIDELES

O COME, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant;
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem!
Come and behold Him, born the King of angels.
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

See how the shepherds, summoned to His cradle,
Leaving their flocks, draw nigh with lowly fear;
We too will thither, bend our joyful footsteps:
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

Child, for us sinners, poor and in the manger,
Fain we embrace thee, with awe and love;
Who would not love thee, loving us so dearly?
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above;
Glory to God in the Highest:
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy morning,
Jesu, forever be thy Name adored;
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing:
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

Latin Hymn 18th century.

December 26

NOW have the homely things been made
Sacred, and a glory on them laid.
For He whose shelter was a stall,
The King, was born among them all.
He came to handle saw and plane,
To use and hallow the profane!
Now is the holy not afar
In temples lighted by a star,
But where the loves and labors are.
Now that the King has gone this way,
Great are the things of everyday!

Edwin Markham.

December 27

ON LOVE

LOVE is a great thing, yea a great good; alone it makes every burden light: and bears evenly all that is uneven. For it carries a burden which is no burden: and makes all bitterness sweet and palatable.

Love longs to soar and will not be held down by things that are low. Love longs to be free, and estranged from all worldly affection: that its inner eye may not be dimmed; that it may not be caught by any temporal prosperity: or by any adversity cast down.

Nothing is sweeter than Love; nothing braver, nothing higher, nothing wider, nothing sweeter, nothing fuller nor better in Heaven and in earth; because Love is born of God: and can only rest in God above all things.

Love often knows no measure: but is fervent beyond all measure. Love feels no burden: counts no pains, exerts itself beyond its strength; talks not of impossibility: for it thinks all things possible and all permitted. It is, therefore, strong enough for all things; and it fulfils many things and warrants them to take effect: where he who loves not faints not and lies down.

Love is watchful and sleeping slumbers not; though weary it is not tired, though hampered is not hampered, though alarmed is not afrighted, but as a lively flame and burning torch it forces its way upwards and serenely passes through.

If any man love: he knows what is the cry of this voice.

Thomas à Kempis.

December 28

MEN are looking eye to eye and saying: "We are brothers and have a common purpose." We did not realize it before, but now we do realize it and this is our covenant of friendship.

Woodrow Wilson.

December 29

UP HILL

DOES the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting place?
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labor you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yes, beds for all who come.

Christina Rossetti.

December 30

ETERNITY

ON this wondrous sea,
Sailing silently,
Ho! pilot, ho!
Knowest thou the shore
Where no breakers roar,
Where the storm is o'er?

In the silent west
Many sails at rest,
Their anchors fast;
Thither, I pilot thee,—
Land, ho! Eternity!
Ashore at last!

Emily Dickinson.

Reprinted by permission of the Publishers from "Poems," by Emily Dickinson; copyright by Little, Brown and Company.

December 31

AN OLD SCOTTISH PRAYER

MAY the Holy One claim thee
And protect thee on sea and on land,
And lead thee on from step to step,
To the peace of the Everlasting City,
The peace of the Everlasting City.

AN ALMANAC

OUR Elder Brother is a Spirit of joy: therefore in this new year, Rejoice!

In January the Spirit dreams,
And in February weaves a Rainbow,
And in March smiles through Rain,
And in April is clad in White and Green,
And in May is the Youth of the World,
And in June is a Glory,
And in July is in two Worlds,
And in August is a Colour,
And in September dreams of Beauty,
And in October Sighs,
And in November Wearieth,
And in December Sleeps.

"I am Beauty itself and Beautiful Things."
(Bhagavad Gita.)

Fiona Macleod (William Sharp).

"The book of life has wide margins: lend me a pencil."

The beautiful old word "canticle" is used in the liturgy of the church to mean a song of worship or praise. The Canticle here used to preface each month is a poem known as the "Song of the Three Children," found in the Apocrypha.

Every child is born under some guardian star. Every month, therefore, has been given some particular "magic," and you are to look carefully on the fly-leaf of your birthday month in order to find what is your good-luck penny,—your spiritual heraldry. How could November have the same "good-luck" as June!

In many instances you will find already recorded the birthdays of some of the people you know.

The following comments are given to make you further acquainted with some of the people included in this book, and are arranged somewhat to follow the order in which the writers appear.

Katharine Lee Bates (whose birthday is to be celebrated by singing her beautiful hymn of America,—"O beautiful for spacious skies") is the poet who opens our year. She is professor of English Literature at Wellesley College.

Dugald Stewart Walker's "Dream Boats" is full of useful facts about the life-history of fairies, about growing up and other tortuous processes. This book of the "story-teller man" is a beautiful gift for those of one's friends who are so youthful that their occipital lobes have not grown

stiff with important facts,—and for some others! Such books make it possible to know such natural and scientific facts as: "Fauns and fairies and fishes do not shed their first teeth and so they cannot shed their youth and joy."

Angela Morgan has contributed many of the stirring poems in this book. Be sure to read the rest of the poem concerning Filippa (quoted in December) in the volume called The Hour Has Struck, and find as well her new volume of poems called Hail, Man!

One of the loveliest biographies to own is the life of St. Francis of Assisi called God's Troubadour, by **Sophie Jewett,** illustrated with pictures of Italy and making real the life of the saint whose birthday we celebrate on October 24. Miss Jewett was professor of English Literature at Wellesley College, and two of her poems are given early in our year. Another book of St. Francis that one would delight to own is Everybody's St. Francis, written by Maurice Francis Egan and illustrated by M. Boutet de Monvel, the noted French illustrator. Still another book full of incidents from the life of this beloved saint is The Little Flowers of St. Francis, published in the Everyman's Series.

"True religion is betting one's life that there is a God." This is a quotation from the diaries of the British soldier, **Donald Hankey,** who lost his life in the Great War. His essays, A Student in Arms, especially the one called "The Beloved Captain," are among the best things in war-prose. In this same group you will find the spirit of the young French soldier, from the collection of diaries and letters made by **Maurice Barrés** and reproduced in "The Atlantic Classics." The volume

from which these quotations are taken is called The Spirit of Youth.

In two volumes called The Fiery Cross and Bees in Amber, written by **John Oxenham**, you will find several poems in the old Crusader spirit. Several selections also from **Louise Imogen Guiney** reflect the same fighting spirit. The poem of **William Vaughn Moody** "Of wounds and sore defeat" gives the same theme still greater expression. The latter is taken from his play called "The Fire Bringer." Hunt for the exquisite poem he wrote about his mother called "The Daguerreotype" and to be found in his poems.

It is interesting to note that there are some who started life as spinners and workmen as well as poets, and some who gave their lives to notably great causes. **Lucy Larcom** was a spinner in early New England. **David Livingstone** made a great leap from the factories of Scotland to a life of tremendous service in the heart of the long grass of Africa. **Mary Slessor** of Calabar, an English woman, though of gentle blood gave her life also in the depths of Africa, and her life is one of great stimulus,—Mary Slessor of Calabar, edited by William P. Livingstone. When you come to **Jean Mackenzie's** poems, do not forget that she is an American girl, a graduate of Bryn Mawr, who has made the same heroic contribution, and whose books on her experience in Africa are as fascinating as any you will find: Black Sheep, and African Adventures, and An African Trail.

The letters of **Lewis Carroll** were written to actual children, some of them to the original "Alice." In his life it is entertaining to read how thoroughly he disliked little

boys and delighted in girls, and that at the same time he was writing, he was a lecturer on mathematics in Christ Church, Oxford. Mathematics may have delightful playfellows!

Among the saints of Ireland and Scotland there is no one more beloved than Brigit, or St. Bride of the Isles, as she is called. Some of the old legends seem to have been compiled out of pure love of her, as happens with an imaginative people. Even was it said that when the Mother of Our Lord was weary, she gave the Babe to Brigit to hold, and that one day Jesus came to Ireland himself on a journey with his disciples. To conform to the old celebration of St. Bride's Day, you should spread out the ashes from the hearth on the eve of her birthday, and then look the next morning for the print of her feet. The old Irish litany put in in her honor was written some two centuries later; the following stanzas show more completely its structure as a poem.

Saints of Red Autumn!
Saints of the Year!
Lo! I am cheery! Michil and Mary
Open wide Heaven to my soul bereaven!
Saints of Red Autumn!
Saints of the Year!

Saints of Grey Winter!
Saints of the Year!
Outside God's palace fiends wait in malice
Let them not win my soul going in!
Saints of Grey Winter!
Saints of the Year!

Saints of Four Seasons!
Saints of the Year!
Waking or sleeping, to my grave creeping,
Life in its Night, hold me God's light!
Saints of Four Seasons!
Saints of the Year!

A. D. 704

Sidney Lanier's birthday is indicated with a brief poem and you must go to his diaries and poems for further knowledge of the beloved Southern poet. Read for yourself those called, "The Marshes of Glynn" and "The Ballad of Trees and the Master." Find, too, in his life the delight of knowing that he was the master of the flute as well. Other delightful diaries and books of letters to read are the diaries of **Sarah Orne Jewett,** of **Emily Dickinson,** of **Joel Chandler Harris**—"Uncle Remus," and the volume of **Theodore Roosevelt's** letters to his children, the latter every American girl should own.

There are many brief quotations from "**David Grayson's**" essays (his name is Ray Stannard Baker), and you should wander over country roads with him. Engage him early in the season for a cross-country walk: plan to stop at Slab-sides where you will be royally welcomed by **John Burroughs** and treated to salt and potatoes! Put a volume of **Thoreau** in your pocket, for he is, after all, master of the American out-of-doors; there is none like him! But then if you prefer to walk in another country you may tour England in delightful company with **E. V. Lucas,** or Ireland with **Jane Barlow** in her Irish Idyls, or listen to **Seumas MacManus** tell

the folk-tales of Donegal that he heard as a boy,—Donegal, loveliest part of all Ireland even when all of Killarney is seen and sung.

"The sunny gospel of the wren" irradiates the poetry of **Edwin Markham,** and we are indebted to his gracious permission for many of the loveliest poems in this book. Learn the full poem on Lincoln of which a brief quotation is given on February 12. Professor Charles Eliot Norton says that to learn the best poems by heart is one of the best parts of an education; and if that be true, we may all be well educated. They may be your possession for life.

Among the more readable biographies of modern women one of the best is that of Dr. **Anna Howard Shaw,** written by herself only four years before her death, The Story of a Pioneer. It is full of keen humor and of exciting incident from her pioneer experiences in the backwoods of Michigan fifty miles from a railroad. The story of how she struggled to get her college education, and of the early days when women pioneered for suffrage, is full of deep significance to us as girls. I do not know what witty thing she would have said to have seen her birthday honored side by side with that of St. Valentine. The quotation used is taken from her proclamation to the women of America, issued during the war when she served under appointment of President Wilson as the head of the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense.

Another biography to which your attention is called is The Life of Alice Freeman Palmer, by George Herbert Palmer.

The poems of the late **Joyce Kilmer** are included here and some of **Aline Kilmer,** his wife, to introduce

you if you do not know them already to those of another American whose life was given in the Great War. **Alan Seeger's** you may read as well, and those of the Englishman, **Rupert Brooke,** poems of the younger men of our day. Still another memorial volume of letters and fragments you might find and read is that of **Padraic Pearse,** the Irish gentleman and poet, who served as provisional president of the "Irish republic" for twelve days, and was executed in the Tower of London, May 3, 1916.

To honor the birthday of **Laura E. Richards** is to do honor to some one who seems to most American girls like a personal friend and so it is with Kate Douglas Wiggin. Perhaps everyone may not know that Laura E. Richards is the daughter of Julia Ward Howe, whose brilliant life written by her daughters, is of great interest.

The famous Tajar took "death-defying life-leaps" when he heard a rumor that he was not to be considered eligible for a birthday! And because **Jane Shaw Ward,** his sponsor, was in China at the time this book was conceived, she was not to be consulted: therefore a birthday was awarded him, the basis of reasoning being that he would thus be saved immortal youth. Read the history of Tajar in "John Martin's Annual for 1917"; and forget not that there is a penalty for reading Tajar and not telling his story to your younger sisters!

March 1 is the turning point of spring; look for the "galleon clouds" by day, and for the stars of spring at night. **Robert Louis Stevenson's** story of Will O' the Mill contains the wonderful description of the stars quoted here; and the whole story you should surely know. This and other selections from David Balfour, Kidnapped,

Master of Ballantrae and Weir of Hermiston should send you to read in Stevenson and read, and read! A good plan is to read his letters through in the Colvin edition, taking three a night.

Probably the best way to enjoy **Maeterlinck's** Blue Bird and its sequel, The Betrothal, is to read it with some friend aloud on afternoons when the family is well occupied in some other part of the house taking first one part and then another!

The prose quotation from **Robert Hugh Benson** introduces you to a beautiful volume of sketches centered in theme around the gentle spirit of an old priest; they introduce you as well to the author, who was one of the famous sons of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, all three of whom were writers, Arthur Christopher Benson, essayist and Fellow at Cambridge, Robert, and E. F. Benson, the novelist.

The four seasons of the year are marked with a brief guide to the stars to be observed from the latitude of New York at about 10 in the evening or in other places to correspond. You will not be able to identify new constellations from these brief descriptions, but with a rotary star-chart, or such simple helps as **Garrett Serviss'** Round the Year with the Stars you may begin a new acquaintance without much effort. One can hardly understand literature without this acquaintance.

Several Indian poems have been selected to show the poet sense of the Indian; two rewritten by **Alice Corbin,** one by **Mary Austin,** and one taken from the poetry of the late **Tekahionwake** (E. Pauline Johnson), an Indian, daughter of the head chief of the Mohawk tribe.

A few wise spirits make merry for us in dull moments in this book; **E. V. Lucas**, and **Edward Lear**, whose nonsense rhymes are wiser than wisdom, and **Father Tabb** in his delectable bits from Quips and Quiddets. Were you to hunt further in these books you would learn of the Pobbles and of the Frying Pan who said, "It's all an awful delusion," but most particularly of the Bad Child's Book of Beasts, by Hilaire Belloc, a book which gives badness its true and irresistible place. Dicky Swope is another story. He wanted to be in this book but he wasn't allowed, so he threw the remaining bits of pie-crust at the discomfited editor. Possibly you had better look him up in **James Whitcomb Riley's** poem, called "The Impetuous Resolve."

To read **Lord Dunsany's** plays and stories is to find a very happy introduction into fairyland. Be sure to get an early chance to explore with the Old Man who Looks after Fairyland. There are A Dreamer's Tales, and A Book of Wonder, and others. But most of all know Peter Pan in **Barrie's** Peter and Wendy, and The Little White Bird; in fact all of Barrie is too lovely not to know. Margaret Ogilvie is his description of his mother. Then there is Water Babies by **Charles Kingsley,** in a new and wonderfully beautiful edition illustrated by Jessie Willcox Smith.

Ernest Ingersoll's book, Nature's Calendar, you will find best fitted for a model in nature diary-making. Certain sections have been adapted for your use in the months of April and October; the keeping of a nature-memorandum is as much fun as letter writing. Some one has said that, if one kept a bird-record, the friendly chickadee would appear on every page.

Apropos of the realms of fairy, you must select a collection of fairy tales on which to grow old: every bookshelf should have at least one well worn volume (besides Pilgrim's Progress, of course.)

"O tales of ogre, knight and elf!
You make a rainbow on our shelf.

Wide store of mirth and magic arts,
You light the sunshine in our hearts!

They are the keys to wizard wiles,
The guide-books to enchanted isles.

The grammars whence we understand
The tongue that's talked in Fairyland."

Sir John Lucas.

But you must remember that the people of the faery are to be treated with understanding; in Ireland they call them "the gentry." Still, be it said on the theme of respect, that the most gentle of modern fairy-makers, James M. Barrie, says that "Peter, who understood them best, often cuffed them."

In medieval days, to feel the stir of spring was to feel the inclination to go on pilgrimage; to see strange lands and serve, as well, old and beloved saints. Therefore, the consecration service for such a pilgrimage is given in the month of April, the pilgrim's month. It is a service dedicating the scrip and staff of any pilgrim, and taken from the old Sarum missal. Why be too modern for a pilgrimage? Rather "take this scrip to be worn as the badge and habit of thy pilgrimage."

Apropos of making pilgrimage, you will be glad of

The Wind in the Willows by **Kenneth Grahame** on your journey. Ratty and Moley and Mr. Badger are irresistible comrades in spring; the spring pilgrimage in the canary-colored cart is after one's own heart,—in moods of spring-fever.

We celebrate the feast of the most human of saints in April, that of St. Catherine of Siena. Read her life done into a novel by **Vida Scudder,** The Disciple of a Saint, also a biography of her by **Edmund Gardiner.**

Still another saint, a girl of fourteen, was St. Elizabeth of Hungary, whose life is written in charming form by **William Canton.** It was told of her how her apron of provisions for the poor turned into roses.

These are days when "Nature is in her beryl apron," as Emily Dickinson would say. There is not room for all the poets of spring, but here is a sheaf of them. And quaintest most whimsical of all, Emily Dickinson herself! "To her niece and nephews she was of fairy lineage." When you read her poems and diaries you will see how characteristic are the poems included here. Her niece says of her, "She was not daily bread. She was star-dust."

Among the collections of poems that you should own, one would put a delightful collection made for children, by E. V. Lucas called "A Book of Verse for Children." Then there are the charming ones, "The Little Book of Modern Verse," and "The Second Book of Modern Verse," both collections made by Jessie Rittenhouse. Still another good collection to own is "High Tide" and "The Melody of Earth," made by Mrs. Waldo Richards. The best outdoor picnic-in-your-pocket collection is "The Open Road," edited by E. V. Lucas. All these are within reach of any girl.

But to know the poets you must take down their own books, many can not be represented here; Fannie Sterns Davis, and Sara Teasdale, Robert Frost and Vachel Lindsay and Alfred Noyes; Kipling, too, and Edwin Arlington Robinson, and many others. Josephine Preston Peabody's "Singing Leaves," is full of exquisite things to own.

The day that commemorates St. Columba, June 9, needs some explanation to make the day live; some time you will perhaps make pilgrimage to the small island of Iona in the western Hebrides off the Scottish coast, there to learn more of him. He is particularly a part of this book because the cover-design is taken from one of the old tombstones in the burying ground where King Macbeth and many of the old Scottish kings lie buried. Many old crosses stood there as memorials of that first Christianizing of Scotland and England.

The "Rune of Hospitality," inserted on July 9, is also from this period. You will find many Gaelic runes and charms of early Celtic days in "Carmina Gadelica," collected by **Alexander Carmichael.** These come from the same rock-ribbed islands made famous by Stevenson in "Treasure Island" and "Kidnapped." Here the old folk-customs obtain; folk nod in greeting to the new moon, turn over a piece of silver in their pockets for good-luck, and raise their bonnets to the beauty of the morning. The poem of **Fiona Macleod** (William Sharp), "St. Christopher," is moulded under the same spirit.

We celebrate still another saint on July 25 who is said to have been a giant in stature and to have borne the Christ-child over the raging stream where he was ferryman, thus his name Christo-fero.

The magic of September is planned with somewhat

of a school-going sense, as you see. You will follow with understanding the good advice of **President MacCracken** of Vassar College, and **President Thwing** of Western Reserve. The year begins to take on more serious aspects:

> "Now all are seated at their book;
> Nor does the one at t'other look,
> Nor can you hear a whispering sound,
> Such perfect stillness reigns around." ?????

(These significant marks are added by the impertinent editor!)

The "magic" for November was taken from an old document published by Roger Williams concerning his work among the American Indians in New England, 1643. The idea has special meaning; for the month of November ushered in by the Feast of All Saints, begins in its spiritual significance to light the altar fires of Christmas. The eve of this feast, All Hallows E'en, has many a quaint tradition, but the customs of the Eve of All Souls are less well known; for on this night the spirits of the dead are said in the old legends to be allowed to visit earth again, and must have a bite after their long journey and a chair pulled to the fire. Those who love the significance of the old customs could well keep such a feast, and on the Eve of All Souls, light the candles of their remembrance.

The customs of Christmas are familiar,—the candle in the window, the Yule log, the Christmas crêche with its tiny figures representing the Nativity, the Christmas play, the carol singers. But the newest custom of all is perhaps nearer to the heart of the Christmas spirit than any other,

that of "making our Christmas within," as Angela Morgan puts it.

As the year swings on its hinges again, and you begin another journey, we must all stop a moment and say with Tiny Tim,

"God bless us everyone."

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

To the following publishers and individual owners of copyrights thanks are due for their kind permission to use selections from the volumes indicated below.

To the American Tract Society for selections from "Bees in Amber," by John Oxenham.

To the Atlantic Monthly Company for selections from "The Atlantic Classics," especially from Maurice Barrés and from E. S. Martin; also for a selection from "The Contributors Club"; for "The Bribe," by Jean Kenyon Mackenzie, and "Jane Addams," by Ruth Comfort Mitchell.

To W. A. Butterfield for lines from "Mademoiselle Miss."

To Burnes and Oates, Ltd., for permission to use "The Shepherdess," by Alice Meynell and for "The Folded Flock," by Wilfrid Meynell.

To the Century Company for selections from "The Life and Diaries of Lewis Carroll"; for "Whenever a Little Child Is Born," by Agnes L. Carter, published in St. Nicholas Songs; for a quotation from "The World I Live In," by Helen Keller.

To Thomas Y. Crowell for selections from "America the Beautiful and Other Poems," by Katharine Lee Bates, and for selections from "Poems," by Sophie Jewett.

To Dodd, Mead and Company for quotations from "Water Babies," by Charles Kingsley; for a quotation from "The Betrothal," by Maurice Maeterlinck.

To George H. Doran Company for selections from "The Dreamers," by Theodosia Garrison; "Drums and Fifes," by Hermann Hagedorn; "Candles that Burn," by Aline Kilmer; "Poems, Essays and Letters," by Joyce Kilmer,

edited by Robert Cortes Holliday, and from "Trees and Other Poems," by Joyce Kilmer; "Life of Mary Slessor of Calabar," edited by William P. Livingstone; "Fortitude," by Hugh Walpole.

To Doubleday Page and Company for selections from "Adventures in Friendship," "The Friendly Road," "Great Possessions," by David Grayson; "Dream Boats," by Dugald Stewart Walker; "Collected Works of Walt Whitman."

To Duffield and Company for selections from "The Frozen Grail and Other Poems," by Elsa Barker; for ratifying the permission given by Mrs. Sharp for several selections from Fiona Macleod (William Sharp), especially from "The Wayfarer."

To E. P. Dutton and Company for selections from "Fairy Gold," by Katharine Lee Bates; "Chant of Love for England and Other Poems," by Helen Gray Cone; "A Student in Arms," by Donald Hankey; "The Spires of Oxford and Other Poems," by Winnifred M. Letts; "The Temple, a Book of Prayers," by W. E. Orchard; "The Old Huntsman and Other Poems," by Siegfried Sassoon; "Immanence," by Evelyn Underhill.

To The Four Seas Company for selections from "Nowadays," by Lord Dunsany.

To the Gorham Press for selections from "Sun and Saddle Leather," by Badger Clark.

To Harper and Brothers for permission to make adaptations from "A Year with the Stars," by Garrett P. Serviss and from "Nature's Calendar," by Ernest Ingersoll; for brief quotations from "The Terrible Meek," by Charles Rann Kennedy; and from "Mr. Dooley."

To Henry Holt and Company for a poem from "Wild Earth," by Padraic Colum.

To Houghton, Mifflin Company for selections from "Collected Works," of Thomas Bailey Aldrich; "The Heart of the Road," "Rose of the World," and "The Shoes that Danced," by Anna Hempstead Branch; "Afternoons in April," by Grace Hazard Conkling; "Children of Light," and "Masque of Sibyls," by Florence Converse; "A Little Freckled Person," by Mary Carolyn Davies; "Poems," by Ralph Waldo Emerson; "The Great Remembrance," by Richard Watson Gilder; "Happy Ending," by Louise Imogen Guiney; "At the Beautiful Gate," by Lucy Larcom; for "Of Wounds and Sore Defeat," from "The Fire Bringer," by William Vaughn Moody; "The Singing Leaves," by Josephine Preston Peabody; for several selections from the works of Henry David Thoreau.

To Mitchell Kennerley for selections from "The Quiet Singer and Other Poems," by Charles Hanson Towne.

To Alfred A. Knopf for a poem from "Mushrooms," by Alfred Kreymborg.

To the John Lane Company for selections from "The Lonely Dancer," by Richard Le Gallienne; "Forward March," by Angela Morgan; "Later Lyrics," by John Bannister Tabb.

To Little, Brown and Company for selection from "Little Women," by Louisa M. Alcott, and for a selection from her diary; for poems from "Poems; Series 1, 2 and 3," by Emily Dickinson; "The Single Hound," by Emily Dickinson; for selected paragraphs from "The Golden Windows," by Laura E. Richards; for "Uphill," from the poems of Christina Rossetti.

To Longmans Green and Company for selections from "Songs of Childhood," by Walter Ramal.

To Lothrop, Lee and Company for selection from "Child Songs of Cheer," by Evaleen Stein.

To the Musson Book Company for a selection from "Flint and Feather," by E. Pauline Johnson (Tekahionwake).

To the Outlook Company for a quotation from "Five Ways to Fairyland," by Mary Elizabeth Rodhouse.

To Isaac Pitman and Sons for a quotation from "The Light Invisible," by Robert Hugh Benson.

To Charles Scribner's Sons for selections from "Peter and Wendy," by James M. Barrie; "Songs and Poems," by John Jay Chapman; "The Freelands," by John Galsworthy; "Path Flower," by Olive Tilford Dargan; "The Wind in the Willows," by Kenneth Grahame; "Open Country," by Maurice Hewlett; "Poetical Works of J. G. Holland"; several selections from Robert Louis Stevenson; for "Hope," by Captain Cyril Hawken published in *Scribner's Magazine.*

To Small, Maynard and Company for selections from "Echoes from Vagabondia," "Songs from Vagabondia," and "Last Songs from Vagabondia," by Bliss Carman; "Quips and Quidetts," by John Bannister Tabb.

To Frederick A. Stokes for selections from "The Irish Book of Poetry," by Alfred Percivale Graves; "Poems," by Theodore Maynard.

To Frederick Warne and Company for quotations from "Nonsense Songs," by Edward Lear.

To *The Congregationalist* for permission to reprint a poem by Patton Beard.

To Good Housekeeping Company for permission to reprint "My Garden," by Grace Lowry Daly; for a quotation from

"Prayer of a Lonely Girl in the City," by Margaret Widdemer; quotations from "A Little Talk to Girls," by Henry Noble MacCracken.

To Yale University Press for a poem from "Blue Smoke," by Karle Wilson Baker.

To authors who were gracious enough to allow the reprinting of poems of which they hold the copyrights, we are especially indebted:

To Alice Corbin for permission to use two of her poems, "The Wind" and "Listening" (from Chippewa translations by Frances Dinsmore).

To Mary Carolyn Davies for permission to use part of "The Chinquepin Trail."

To Hamlin Garland for several of his poems from "Prairie Songs."

To Angela Morgan for permission to reprint selections from "The Hour Has Struck," and from "Utterance," of which she holds the copyrights, and which are published by the John Lane Company.

To Oliver Herford for a selection from "The Kitten's Garden of Verses."

To Edwin Markham for permission to reprint selections from "Lincoln and Other Poems," "The Man with the Hoe and Other Poems," and "The Shoes of Happiness," of which he holds the copyrights.

To David Morton for a poem reprinted in *The Sun.*

To Robert Howard Russell for a selection from Finley Peter Dunne.

To Charles Francis Thwing for a quotation from "A Father to His Son Entering College," printed by Platt and Peck.

To Kate Douglas Wiggin for several selections from "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," and "Further Adventures of Rebecca," of which Mrs. Riggs holds the copyrights.

Further thanks are due to Mary Antin, Mabel Cratty, Emily Goding, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Laura Stratton Porter, Jane Shaw Ward, for brief quotations.

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: July 2008

PreservationTechnologies
A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION
111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 023 825 443 7